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CHRISTABEL

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S. T. Coleridge
Aet 26

CHRISTABEL

BY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY

A FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT

AND BY TEXTUAL AND OTHER NOTES

BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE

HON. F.R.S.L.

LONDON: HENRY FROWDE

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THIS · EDITION

OF · THE · CHRISTABEL

IS · DEDICATED

TO · THE · POET'S · GRANDDAUGHTERS

EDITH · COLERIDGE

AND

CHRISTABEL · ROSE · COLERIDGE

M ↄM VII

PREFACE

THE final cause of this edition of a great poem is to place in the hands of the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, and of others who may care to possess it, a facsimile of an autograph manuscript of Coleridge's *Christabel*. "Rare things," says another poet, are wont "to vanish", and the fate of the *peritura charta* is proverbially uncertain. If Coleridge's friend and "munificent co-patron", Tom Wedgwood, was the discoverer, or a co-discoverer, of photography, he helped to "fix for ever" one rare and perishable fragment of a poet's handiwork. I have taken the opportunity of this reproduction and reduplication of the manuscript to give some account of the sources and history of the Poem, and to collate the text as published in 1834 with this and other manuscripts and with more than one transcription. Selections from contemporary reviews, and a bibliographical index of the authoritative editions of *Christabel*, will be found in the Appendices. Some portion of this illustrative material may be of service to future editors, students, and critics of the Poem.

Nothing that can be said or left unsaid can make or mar the Poem itself. The most elaborate scholarship,

the most penetrating and illuminative criticism are as dust in the balance, compared with the humblest and poorest reprint of the actual text. None the less it is by taking thought that we inherit the kingdom of genius. The greater the poem, the greater it becomes the more closely and attentively it is studied. He who runs may read, but he who stays to read over and over again will not only "recapture the first fine careless rapture", but as his knowledge grows so will his reverence and his love. Poetry may be studied in the wrong way, but it cannot be studied too much. Its beauty is renewed from age to age. There is no end to its significance.

My grateful acknowledgements are due, in the first instance, to the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, who have undertaken the publication of this work as a tribute to the memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was a Fellow and Associate of the Society.

I desire on behalf of the Council to thank my cousin, Miss Edith Coleridge, for permitting her manuscript of *Christabel*, a treasured heirloom, to be reproduced for the benefit of the Fellows of the Society.

I have also, in their name, to thank Miss Ward, of Over Stowey, for permitting a photogravure of a pastel drawing of S. T. Coleridge, now in her possession, to form the frontispiece of this volume.

My cordial thanks are due to Mr. John Murray, who

lent me, for purposes of collation, the Hinves copy of the First Edition of *Christabel*; to Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, who permitted me to make use of the Transcript in the handwriting of Miss Sarah Hutchinson; and to Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, who placed in my hands a manuscript of *Christabel* which had belonged to his grandfather the poet.

I am indebted to the Earl of Carlisle for valuable information with regard to the site of Triermain Castle and the topography of the neighbourhood, and also for presenting me with a photograph of the tomb of Sir Roland de Vaux in Lanercost Priory.

I beg to offer my thanks to Mr. F. H. Baynes of Weston-super-Mare, to my friends Mr. Thomas Hutchinson and Mr. R. A. Potts, to Dr. Furnivall, and to Dr. Aldis Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, for supplying me with references to the original source of the story of the "poison-fed maiden" (*vide* pp. 29–31), and for other assistance. My thanks are also due to Mr. W. Hale White and to Mr. T. Norton Longman for permission to print extracts from letters published in *A Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge Manuscripts, etc.* (Longmans, Green & Co., 1897).

Most of all I wish to thank my wife for her devotion to the task of reading the proofs of the text, and noting the variants in the several MSS. The editorial work owes much to her labour and her care.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

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of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey, in the County of Somerset." It is almost certain that his memory was at fault, and that he should have written "in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight". Apart from the fact that the spring, summer, and autumn of 1797 were devoted to the composition of the play, first named *Osorio*, and, afterwards, recast as *Remorse*, there is a well-known passage in Wordsworth's *Prelude* (Book XIV) which implies the later rather than the earlier date :—

> Beloved Friend!
> When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
> Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
> That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
> Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
> Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,
> Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
> Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
> Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.

Now we know that in the summer of 1797 the *Ancient Mariner* was not begun, and it is impossible to believe that *that summer*, that summer of summers, when the *Ancient Mariner* was completed, and Coleridge was preparing, among other poems, *The Dark Ladie* and *Christabel* (*Biographia Literaria*, cap. xiv), was not the summer of 1798. Wordsworth writing, at latest, in 1805, is a safer authority as to dates than Coleridge at work on an 'apologetic preface' in 1816, and, putting this and that together, it may be taken for granted that it was in the summer of 1798 that the 'Ancient Man' and the 'Lady Christabel' began their immortal rivalry, their inseparable companionship. Moreover, in the early spring (Jan. 20—May 16) of 1798, whilst she was living at

Alfoxden, Dorothy Wordsworth kept a journal, and under date January 27, 31, February 17, March 7, 24, &c., there are certain entries, records of minute observations of natural objects and scenic effects, which are not quotations from, or illustrations of, *Christabel*, but were evidently jotted down by Dorothy, and, then or afterwards, found their way into Coleridge's verse.

We know that Coleridge spent the latter half of January 1798 at Shrewsbury, and that he returned to Stowey either on the last day of January or a day or two later. He went with the intention of accepting a Unitarian pastorate which had fallen vacant, and he returned because the offer of an annuity of £150 a year left him free to complete his education and devote the whole of his time to literature. Dorothy Wordsworth walked over to Stowey in the evening of January 31, and on her way thither she noticed that the moon "was immensely large, the sky scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her."[1] Here was one of those moon-scapes which the poet should depict in verse—an 'effect' which must not be allowed to pass beyond recall. The first 'state' of the finished etching (*Christabel*, Part I, lines 16–19) is preserved in one of Coleridge's notebooks, part of which certainly belongs to the spring of 1798 :—

> Behind the thin
> Grey cloud that covered but not hid the sky
> The round full moon looked small.

It is obvious that Dorothy's note and Coleridge's metrification of the note are both anterior to their in-

[1] For the use of this image of the veiled moon compare Wordsworth's 'Night-piece', lines 1–7, which was written in 1798 "on the road between Nether Stowey and Alfoxden, extempore". *Vide post*, p. 63.

clusion in the actual poem. When these were scribbled down *Christabel* was inchoate.

Again, five weeks later, on March 7 Dorothy writes:—"William and I drank tea at Coleridge's. Observed nothing particularly interesting. One only leaf upon the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind." Here again, undoubtedly, Dorothy 'gave eyes' to her brother's friend, as, before and after, to her brother. For this was the matrix of the gem:—

> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> Which dances as often as dance it can.

Finally, on March 24, she notes a succession of images which Coleridge reproduced in verse. (1) 'The spring continues to advance very slowly'—the original of the oft-quoted "The spring comes slowly up this way"; (2) 'nothing green but the brambles', which took shape as "And nought was green upon the oak"; and (3) 'The old oak tree', which was transplanted and grew again in the poem.

Now the day before these entries were made in the journal, on March 23, Coleridge had brought his ballad (i. e. the *Ancient Mariner*) 'finished'; and it may be surmised that then, and not till then, did he begin in earnest to prepare his second ballad, *Christabel*. It is unlikely that he would begin one tune before he had left off another. Doubtless, a surmise it must remain, but such evidence as there is, external or internal, points to the conclusion that *Christabel* was begun in the spring of 1798, it may be in "the month before the month of May". Even so, *e caelo descendit* CHRISTABEL. Apart from Dorothy's journal there is no record of its inception or

more fantastical than Wordsworth, but that, as a rule, the things which were seen inspired Wordsworth, while Coleridge was roused to passion by the 'goings-on' of those *Naturae invisibiles* seen only by the 'inner eye', which were the guests and playmates of his soul.

Entrusted with this function or mission, he would spare no pains to procure material for his verse. He had been from a child a devourer of old folios, a dipper into odd volumes, an amateur of the marvellous in physic and metaphysic, in natural and supernatural history. We know that he read, and afterwards turned to poetical account, such books of travel as Leemius *de Lapponibus* (1767), Shelvocke's *Voyage* (1726), Captain Thomas James's *Strange and Dangerous Voyage* (1633), *Purchas, his Pilgrimage* (1626), William Bartram's *Travels in North and South Carolina* (1794), and that by chance, or in search of the curious, he had gathered facts or fancies from such recondite sources as the *Epistolae* of Paulinus of Nola (circ. A.D. 400), from the dialogues of Michael Psellus (1018–1079), and from Thomas Burnet's *Telluris Theoria Sacra* (1689). He was now in quest of the supernatural, a chartered voyager in unknown seas, and it is past belief that in order to write, and before he wrote, the First Part of *Christabel*, he had not made some study of occult literature, the 'black' science of demons, and witches and magic. He must have read widely and deeply, and taken infinite pains to acquaint himself with the niceties of wizardry and fascination, before he could spread his net of glamour, and procure a "willing suspension of disbelief in the supernatural".

THE SOURCES OF THE FIRST PART OF CHRISTABEL

In the First Part of *Christabel* there are but two characters, a maiden, 'the lovely lady Christabel,' or 'sweet Christabel', and her ghostly enemy the 'strange lady', the 'lofty lady', the 'bright dame', the 'damsel bright', 'fair' Geraldine.

Christabel's lover is far away, and her father Sir Leoline is asleep. The phantom of Christabel's mother appears to Geraldine, but not to Christabel. Of the *maiden* Christabel we are told nothing, save that she is 'lovely', and that her soul is troubled for others, for her absent lover, for her father, "who seldom sleepeth well," for the forlorn and weary outcast whom she finds in the wood at midnight, and shelters "in love and in charity". She has no characteristics but beauty, kindness, gentleness, and, so *we* divine, the white innocence of maidenhood.

Of Geraldine we are told a great deal. She is of lofty stature. She is richly clad in a robe of white silk. Her hair glitters with gems. She has fair large eyes, a stately neck, and blue-veined feet. Christabel is the image of the 'maid we woo', the 'inexpressive she', but we possess the counterfeit presentment of Geraldine, a likeness to swear by. There is, indeed, nothing in her aspect or behaviour to put Christabel, who knows no guile, on her guard, but, without being told in so many words that she is a witch or possessed of a devil, we who are not guileless are made to feel that she comes in a questionable shape, that she is uncanny. We have gone back, it must be

deliberately recalled the association, when he makes us understand that Geraldine leapt upon the bed, and with sudden vehemence enfolded Christabel in her arms:—

> She took two paces and a stride,
> And lay down by the maiden's side,
> And in her arms the maid she took. [MSS.]

It is idle to multiply such guesses, but we are tempted to believe that he was acquainted with the *Dialogues* de Thomas Erastus[1], who is precise on witch-marks; that he had read a treatise of J. G. Godelmannus, *De Lamiis* (Francofurti, 1591, p. 54, sect. 19), who repeats in Latin some monstrous yarns which Jean Wiet had already spun in French, and that he had dipped into Hieronymus Cardanus, *De Rerum Varietate*, who devotes a whole book (lib. xvi) to the *un*natural history of demons, in which he translates part of Psellus' dialogues, and adds a story of his own about a boy and a 'Follet' (we are reminded of Tasso's *Folletto*), and testifies to the exceeding coldness of a demon's touch: "Palam autem est ex hoc quod alias dixi hos daemonas esse frigidissimos." No one who touched or had been touched by a demon was able to forget the unearthly chill. Was it not the joyous look in Geraldine's face that brought back the horror of the night—"Again she felt that bosom *cold*"? (Part II, l. 458).

Whether he had read any or all of these 'books of magic' we can only surmise, but it is certain that from their voluminous pedantry or from some simpler sources,

[1] *Histoires, Disputes et Discours des Illusions et Impostures des diables*, etc., par Jean Wiet, Médecin du duc de Cleves. Second dialogue, de Thomas Erastus, Professeur de Médecine à Heidelburg touchant le pouvoir des sorcières, et de la punition qu'elles meritent. 1579, p. 817.

some faery tale familiar to his childhood, he had qualified in wizardry. By whatever means he had fed his fancy, or from whatever source he acquired his witch-lore, he left on one side as 'something to his purpose nothing' those darker subtleties and unclean imaginings which the old writers, protesting 'they would ne'er repeat', invariably repeated. His chaster muse

> —— had lived
> In this bad world, as in a place of tombs,
> And touched not the pollutions of the dead.

Whatever may be indicated, or symbolized, or adumbrated in *Christabel*, there is no rending of the veil of the *senses*. The passion is psychical, and by no means sensual. There is no veil to rend.

But the critics thought otherwise. It was not only hinted but expressly stated that the key to the poem was that Geraldine was a man in disguise and that Christabel was his victim. Rossetti told Mr. Hall Caine that a report had been conveyed to him by P. G. Patmore (father of the poet) that it was believed 'by contemporary circles' that Coleridge's 'real intention' was that Geraldine was 'to turn out to be a man'. It is quite possible that Hazlitt (who was intimate with Patmore) had been told by Coleridge himself that it was part of the original design that Geraldine should vanish and return in the character of Christabel's absent lover, and that this future incident was perverted into an explanation of the mysterious night-scene in the First Part of the poem. Rossetti's suggestion that it was owing to this "infamous accusation, so remote from all fact, so smooth and homogeneous in its untruth" (*Statesman's Manual*, 1816, App. p. xxi), that Coleridge changed the

line "And she is to sleep by Christabel" into "Oh shield her, shield sweet Christabel", may be accepted without demur. (*Recollections of Rossetti*, by T. Hall Caine, 1882, pp. 154–6.)

Here in England, when the eighteenth century was at its close, the Romantic or Gothic revival, as it was sometimes called, was stirring and quickening the popular fancy in more than one direction. There was the antiquarian spirit which prompted the collection and the re-writing, sometimes the forging, of ballads and legends. There was a growing tendency to disregard classical models, to break away from the formality of the French school—an overture to, an eager desire to imitate and acclimatise, the drama and the lyric of the Germans. When Coleridge began to shape his thoughts in verse he was still under the dominion of the examples and ideals of the former generation, but as his powers matured he was led by the spirit of the times and of his own choice to a closer following of the Elizabethan poets and their forerunners. When he wrote his 'Ode to the Departing Year' (December 31, 1796) he was inspired by Gray and Collins, by Young and Dryden, at his highest by Milton, but before the New Year was far advanced he had steeped himself in ballad literature, in Shakespeare's lyrics, in the *Faery Queene*, in Surrey and Wyatt, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*. The ballad of 'Sir Cauline' gave Christabel her name[1], Spenser's

[1] Bishop Percy took the *name* Christabel from the ancient ballad 'How Eglamore loved Christabell and undertook those deeds of arms to win her back', and bestowed it upon the unnamed heroine of the ballad of 'Sir Cauline'. The Christabel stanzas in 'Sir Cauline' (see *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1775, i. 41–59) were all made out of the Bishop's brain. The

Una her virginal innocence and purity. Geraldine was called after Surrey's disdainful lady-love, and like Duessa she is of fair countenance, but of another 'hue' when her robe drops down and her true form appears. Again, in the 'Marriage of Sir Gawain' the hero discovers a ladye seated between 'an oke and a hollen', who had been witched and lured into 'the greene foreste' by the jealousy of a young stepmother. Here, it may be, as Professor Brandl maintains, was a seed of *Christabel*, but I doubt if Coleridge 'conveyed' anything worth mentioning from such contemporary works as Bürger's 'Lenore' or Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*, or Monk Lewis's ballad of 'Alonzo and the Fair Imogene'. It is true that he was not the first to kindle the dead ashes of romance, but it was not till *he* passed those dying brands "there came A tongue of light, a fit of flame".

There is, however, one other 'source' which should be noted for what it is worth. Whilst he was 'preparing' *Christabel* he read and minutely studied Lewis's *Castle Spectre*. His copy, which he must have bought at Shrews-

authentic 'Christabell' first took shape in the 'Eglamore' ballad of which Coleridge had read never a word:—

"The Erle had no child but one,
A maiden as white as whalles bone,
That his right heyre shold bee;
Christabell was the Ladyes name;
A ffairer maid than shee was ane
Was none in Christentye.
Christabell soe well her bore,
The Erle loved nothing more
Then his daughter free;
Soe did that gentle knight
That was soe full of might;
It was the more pittye."

See *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript Ballads and Romances*. Edited by John W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall, 1868, ii. 338–89.

bury, is dated January 20, 1798, and a few days later (Tuesday [January 23], 1798) he forwarded a detailed criticism of the play to Wordsworth, in which he compared his own genius with that of a writer whom he duly appreciated but by no means rated in accordance with the general. "The play", he writes, "is a mere patchwork of plagiarisms; but they are well worked up, and for stage effect make an excellent *whole*. There is a pretty little ballad-song introduced ['Sleep you, or wake you, Lady bright?' Act II, Sc. iii], and Lewis, I think, has great and peculiar excellence in these compositions. The simplicity and naturalness is his own, and not imitated; for it is made to subsist in congruity with a language perfectly modern, the language of his own times, in the same way that the language of the writer of 'Sir Cauline' was the language of *his* times. This, I think, a rare merit: at least, I find, *I* cannot attain this innocent nakedness, except by *assumption*. I resemble the Duchess of Kingston, who masqueraded in the character of 'Eve before the Fall' in flesh-coloured silk."[1]

The mention of "the writer of 'Sir Cauline'" is a proof that his own ballads, the half-written *Ancient Mariner* and his projected *Christabel*, were being passed in review, and whether he is right or wrong about himself he incidentally traverses and disposes of the contention of an able but unfriendly critic[2] that his greater work was "an abnormal product of an abnormal nature, under abnormal conditions". 'Assumption' is not the char-

[1] *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, 1895, i. 237. The letter was still unpublished when Professor Brandl's acute and illuminative work on Coleridge was translated into English.

[2] *New Essays towards a Critical Method*. By John Mackinnon Robertson, 1897—'Coleridge,' p. 187.

acteristic of an opium dream. But to return to the detection of 'sources'. The 'Castle' Spectre is the spectre of a dead mother who watches over her child. There is an oratory in the castle 'richly ornamented with carving', which doubtless suggested Christabel's chamber "carved so curiously", and lastly, the double adjuration "Jesu, Maria",[1] which Sir Walter Scott admitted that he borrowed from *Christabel*, had already been 'lifted' by 'Monk' Lewis from some earlier romanticist (*vide Castle Spectre*, Act III, Sc. iii). These are trifles light as air, but they are not unconsidered trifles, and they afford convincing proof that when the *Castle Spectre* was being read (and even the *lines* counted), *Christabel* was still unwritten.

Of such sort were the 'sources' of *Christabel*, and after making due allowance for the Spenserian origin of the allegory, the antithesis of the beauty of innocence to the beauty of sin, the conclusion of the whole matter is that Coleridge's Christabel is a new creation, as new as Eve when 'first awaked', and strange as yet to Adam and to Paradise.

Perhaps the most wonderful quality or characteristic of this First Part of *Christabel* is that the action is not that of a drama which is *ex hypothesi* a representation of fact;—nor are we persuaded to reproduce it for ourselves as by a tale that is told, but we behold it, scene after scene, episode by episode, as in a mirror, as the Lady of Shalott saw the knights ride by. If we stay to think of Christabel "praying beneath the huge oak tree", or of

[1] Coleridge wrote 'Jesu Maria', not 'Jesu, Maria'. It may be noted that one of the vessels in which Shelvocke sailed round the world was christened the *Jesu Maria*.

Geraldine and Christabel crossing the moat and passing through the hall, and stealing their way from stair to stair, our minds make pictures, but we do not stay to think or reflect on their fears or their rejoicings. We 'see, we see it all', and now in glimmer and now in gloom we 'live o'er again' that midnight hour. It is not a tale that is told, it is a personal experience. The mechanism which shifts the scenes is worked by nature and not by art. The necessity of their connexion is not logical, but, in the strictest sense of the word, accidental. It happened, and it was so. Was it then an automatic effusion? Was it, like *Kubla Khan*, the metrical record of a 'psychological curiosity'? Did he fall into a trance having his eyes open, and being always a poet and full of poetic images reproduce his dream so far as it went, and did he write no more because the vision faded and was past recall? He does not say so himself (as in his Preface to *Kubla Khan*), and Wordsworth, who must have known the truth, does not say it of him. He speaks at the time of an "*assumption* of innocent nakedness", and long afterwards in the *Biographia Literaria* he tells us that his excursion into the domain of the supernatural was the execution of a deliberate plan. Wordsworth, when he was questioned by Mr. Justice Coleridge, bore singular and conclusive testimony to the same effect. "He [Wordsworth] very much and repeatedly regretted that my uncle (S. T. C.) had written so little verse... He attributed, in fact, his writing so little, to the extreme care and labour which he applied in elaborating his metres. He said that when he was intent on a new experiment in metre, the time and labour he bestowed were inconceivable; that he was quite an epicure in

sound."[1] Now *Christabel* was a 'new experiment in metre'. It was the product of intense thought, of a deliberate design, and of unsparing labour. But if these had been the sole conditions of poetical activity, the end might have been reached. In spite of natural slothfulness, of grievous sickness, and disastrous habits, the power of intense thought, the capacity of taking infinite pains, were never wholly lost, were recoverable, and at rare intervals recovered.

There was another cause or condition of poetical activity which was present 'in power' in 1798, and still availed him when he strove to complete his poem in 1800: that inward and spiritual happiness, that equipoise of the intellectual and emotional faculties, which he christened 'joy'. 'We in ourselves rejoice'—and so long as that is possible the shaping spirit of Imagination seeks and finds its proper function. A time came when bodily disease and a closing of all doors of hope extinguished 'joy', the dynamic of self-realization in poetry, and 'left instead' a vain and profitless endeavour to attain Nirvana in abstraction and ratiocination. 'Joy' and not the juice of poppy or mandragora was the inspiration of *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner*.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

There is nothing to show when these lines (279–331) were written. It has been taken for granted (see, for instance, *Poetical Works of S. T. C.*, 1893, pp. 120, 606) that they belong to the original draft of 1798, but there

[1] MS. Journal of Sir J. T. Coleridge, published in *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, 1851, ii. 304–6.

are sound reasons for maintaining that they were written at Greta Hall, in the autumn of 1800, after and not before the Second Part had been brought to its present conclusion.

In the first place, this 'Conclusion' is of the nature of an afterthought. It is a reflection on the beginning and the end of the First Part. The poet seems to contemplate his own work from a distance. Secondly, two Lake Country words—'tairn' and 'fell'—are used for the first time. Thirdly (lines 317, 318), with the passing of her trance Christabel "seems to smile As infants at a sudden light". Now in a letter to Josiah Wedgwood, dated November 12, 1800, Coleridge writes, "Pray do you ever pay any particular attention to the first time of your little ones smiling and laughing? Both I and Mrs. C. have carefully watched our little one [Derwent Coleridge, born September 14, 1800], and noted down all the circumstances, &c., under which he smiled, and under which he laughed, for the first six times," &c.; and in a notebook, under date, October 24, 1800, there is a pencilled entry, "Derwent laughed for the first time at six weeks old."

The simile has been traced to an incident in Hartley's babyhood recorded in *The Nightingale* (ll. 101–3), but the immediate allusion would seem to be to those psychological observations of the 'goings-on' of infants in which Coleridge, after an imperfect fashion, anticipated Charles Darwin.

Lastly, Coleridge's somewhat mysterious admission or explanation that Crashaw's "verses on St. Theresa ('Since 'tis not to be had at home, She'l travel to a martyrdome,' &c.) were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel—if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thought

of the entire poem", acquires some force and meaning if lines 319–22, "For she doth smile, and she doth weep, Like a youthful hermitess, Beauteous in a wilderness," &c., may be assigned to the second division of the poem. (See Allsop's *Letters and Conversations*, 1836, i. 195–6.)

Over and above these hints and inferences the MS. reveals the existence of a note to the word 'Tairn', which is now printed for the first time:—"Tairn or Tarn (derived by Lye from the Icelandic *Tiorn*, stagnum, palus) is rendered in our dictionaries as synonimous with Mere or Lake, but it is properly a large Pool or Reservoir in the mountains, commonly the Feeder of some Mere in the Valleys. Tarn Watling and Blellum Tarn, though on lower ground, are yet not exceptions, for both are on elevations, and Blellum Tarn feeds the Wynander Mere." It is evident that the note is contemporary with the text, and was designed for the instruction of South Country readers. Blelham Tarn he had visited with Wordsworth in November 1799, but his knowledge of Tarn Watling, which lies above High Hesket on the road from Penrith to Carlisle, may have been derived from a map or guide-book or, in the first instance, from Percy's *Reliques* ('Marriage of Sir Gawaine,' part i, stanza 6).

The spelling, Blellum for Blelham, and Wynander Mere, corresponds with entries in the journal of the tour taken in November 1799. In the first edition Windermere (line 344) is printed Wyn'dermere, evidently an abbreviation of Wynander Mere.

Internal evidence seldom convinces those who are not convinced already, but the note which in 1816 Coleridge overlooked or omitted tells its own tale. Whether the Conclusion to Part the First was written either before or, as

I conceive, after the Second Part, it was not the child of his earlier muse. And yet, though the melody was trembling to its close, the dying notes are strong and sweet.

> But this she knows, in joys and woes,
> That saints will aid if men will call:
> For the blue sky bends over all!

THE SECOND PART OF CHRISTABEL

Coleridge began his residence at Greta Hall, Keswick, July 24, 1800. On his way thither he halted at Grasmere, and spent three weeks with Wordsworth and his sister at Townend. A second edition, necessitating a second volume of the Lyrical Ballads, was being got ready for the press, and Coleridge promised to finish *Christabel*, as his contribution to the new and enlarged issue. Week after week went by, and though he "tried and tried . . . nothing would come of it". "The wind from the Skiddaw and Borrowdale was often as loud as wind need be, and many a walk in the clouds in the mountains I took: but all would not do, till one day I dined out at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and somehow or other drank so much wine that I found some effort and dexterity requisite to balance myself on the hither edge of sobriety. The next day my verse-making faculties returned to me."[1] The story, which is intended for an apology, is 'like enough', and derives some corroboration from other sources. In a notebook, dated August 28, 1800, Coleridge wrote the first draft of a fragment which he afterwards published in a more decorous version in the *Gestes of Maxilian* which appeared

[1] Letter to Josiah Wedgwood, November 10, 1800. See the whole passage, *post*, pp. 41, 42.

in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1822. "It is eleven o'clock at night. See that conical volcano of coal, half-an-inch high, ejaculating its inverted cone of smoke—the smoke in what a furious mood—this way, that way, and what a noise!

> The poet's eye in his tipsy hour
> Hath a magnifying power,
> Or rather emancipates his eyes
> Of the accidents of size.
> In unctuous cone of kindling coal,
> Or smoke from his pipe's bole,
> His eye can see
> Phantoms of sublimity."

Now these lines, which are in the metre of *Christabel*, record or celebrate some more or less successful balancing on the hither (or farther) edge of sobriety. Was Christabel *redivivâ* one of those 'Phantoms of sublimity'?

Again, there is another fragment in the metre of *Christabel*, entitled 'A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland', which dates itself without more ado. The first two lines, "On stern Blencartha's perilous height The winds are tyrannous and strong," are an adaptation of the first two lines of some stanzas (To Mr. Head of Carlisle, a painter) composed by Isaac Ritson, a Lake poet, who lived and sang 'ante Agamemnona': "The winds upon Blenkarthur's head Are often loud and strong." Coleridge found the lines in Hutchinson's *History of the County of Cumberland* (1794, i. 336), one of the County histories which slumbered on his landlord's shelves, and prefixed them, a 'little altered', to a versified reflection which he composed 'at the foot of Saddleback Fell', and there can be little doubt that Ritson's lines which he had

turned into poetry were running in his head when he told Josiah Wedgwood that "the winds from the Skiddaw and Borrowdale were as loud as winds need be". Wind and cloud, mountain and torrent, were the primary 'sources' of the Second Part of *Christabel*.

The Second Part (including the Conclusion to the First Part) is a Lake Country poem. The scene changes from the conventional mediaeval castle situated in or near a wood (the wood being visualised as Holford Wood hard by to Alfoxden in Somersetshire) to Langdale Hall, so named, it may be, after Rydal Hall, or Coniston Hall, ancient seats of the Le Flemings, or, possibly, the newly-built and, then, wholly insignificant Greta Hall. Coleridge had explored Great Langdale in July 1800, doubtless with Wordsworth for his guide, and had there and then entered in his notebook a pencilled description of the "Witch's Lair And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent": "Stand to the right hand close to the bellying rock, so as to see the top of the waterfall, the highest of whose parallelograms is faced with ferns; daylight in the wet rock; the arch right above; the little imitation of the great waterfall (connections in nature); between the arch and the great waterfall an arch of trees—hollies, ash and birch: the stream widens from a foot to a yard and a half—as it widens varying from a vivid white to a black through all intermediate shades. The second arch divided from the first by a huge natural bridge, one vast boulder contignated to the two sides by rocks small and pendulous. Plumy ferns on the side, and over the second pool—on the left side the light umbrella of a young ash."

Where Langdale Hall stood or was supposed to stand, whether Coleridge invented or repeated the legend of

the "three sinful sextons", and "their ropes of rock and bells of air", are problems still to be solved, but it may be noted that the "answering peal from Borrowdale" recalls the fugue or sequence of echoes in Wordsworth's poem 'To Joanna',[1] which owes its birth, though not its beauty, to a passage in Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

There is further evidence that the creations of the poet's fancy had travelled with him northwards to the haunt and region of 'old romance'. Mention has been made of Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, with regard to one source of the lines written at 'the foot of Saddleback Fell', and to the situation of 'Tarn Watling'. Coleridge read the two volumes from end to end, and it was in a note extracted from an unpublished MS. that in a happy moment he discovered a 'local habitation and a name' for Geraldine's father, who is presumed to be 'noble', but of whom nothing more is told us in the First Part of the poem.

Here is Denton's gloss on 'Tryermain, or Treverman' (vol. i. pp. 99, 100):—"Triermaine was at the conquest a fee of Gilsland—one Gilandos was lord thereof; he stood against the conqueror, and his son Gilamor got his own peace with Ranulph Meschines, Earl of Cumberland, and his brother William Meschines, and quietly enjoyed it in Henry I's time, and builded the first chapel there of wood. . . . After the death of Gilamor, lord of Triermaine and Torerossock, Hubert Vaux gave Triermaine and Torerossock to his second son Ranulph Vaux, which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother

[1] "Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head."

Robert, founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilamor's land to his own younger son named Roland, and let the barony descend to his elder son Robert, son of Ranulph; Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and then they were named Rolands successively that were lords thereof until the reign of Edward IV. That house gave for arms in a field vert[1], a bend dexter chequy or and gules." We learn, moreover, from the 'Inquisition of Queen Elizabeth', that the "scite of the said manner of Tradermayne was sometimes a fair castle, called Tradermayne Castle, a house of great strength and of good receipt: it stood and was built opposite to the wasts of Scotland and Tyndell, and about vi miles from Lydderesedell, and was a very convenient place, both for annoying of the enemie and defending the country thereabouts; but now the said castle is utterly decayed."

If Triermain or Tradermayne Castle was 'utterly decayed' in the sixteenth century, Time must have repented before it was quite too late, and stayed his destroying hand. A huge block of masonry, part of a wall, but shaped like a castle-tower, still crowns the narrow plot of broken ground which marks the 'scite' of the castle and its moat. A 'fair castle' and of 'good strength' it may have been, but in its palmiest days it must have been but a 'castlet' compared with Naworth, or even with its neighbours Thirlwall and Bewcastle. In what sense it is opposite to 'Scotland's waste' it is hard to understand, unless 'Spade Adam Waste' stretching up to, and possibly in those days beyond, the border was reckoned as part

[1] *Vide post*, p. 71 *note* 1.

TOMB OF SIR ROLAND DE VAUX

IN LANERCOST PRIORY

To face p. 251

of Scotland. But 'opposite' the ruined tower there rises a low green fell, and in the farther distance is the long grim ridge of Tyndale Fell, which then as now "in the month before the month of May" is pied and barred with streaks of belated winter's snow. Here, by the Mill beck, below Nanwick Hill, dwelt Sir Roland de Vaux, Sir Roland of the Valley, 'on earth, a levand man,' and in the fable, his daughter the 'false witch' Geraldine.[1]

It is open to doubt if Coleridge had any knowledge of Triermain and the parts adjacent which he did not get from Hutchinson. If he diverged so far north on his

[1] Sir Roland de Vaux was buried in the transept of Lanercost Priory. A few years ago fragments of a recumbent figure, with the arms carved on the surcoat, were recovered and placed over the tomb. It was the Sir Roland whose epitaph *In Ecclesiâ Parochiali de Lanercost* ran thus :—

"Sir Rowland de Vaux, that sometime was that Lord of Triermaine
Is dead, his body clad in lead, and ligs law under this stane;
Evin as we, evin so was he on earth a levand man,
Evin as he, evin so moun we—for all the craft we can."
—Milbourn's add. to Denton's MS.

"The former [of these fragments (*vide Note* 1, l. 2)] gives a portion of the lower part of the body and of the left thigh. The latter shows the left foot resting on a recumbent lion, from the mouth of which depends a scroll, . . . The body is clothed in a hauberk of chain-mail, the lower edge of which is visible beneath the jupon of some thick material fitting closely over the mail shirt, and embroidered with the armorial bearings of Vaux of Triermain. The thighs were protected by cuissarts of plate, the feet by pointed sollerets of the same material. The straps of the spur are visible on the foot. The sword-belt worn round the hips and buckler is very richly ornamented. The detail of this and the carefully rendered links of mail show that the figure when complete must have been an excellent specimen of the carver's art. The costume would indicate the latter part of the fourteenth century." It follows that the tomb might have been erected to the memory of the Sir Roland de Vaux who lived 'temp. K. John', the hero of Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*, but, more probably, marks the resting-place of a later Sir Roland, one of his descendants. *Lanercost Priory*, by H. Whitehead and G. Baldwin Brown, 1896, pp. 18 sq.

way from Barnard's Castle to Temple Sowerby, in November 1799, or if he took "the valley road" from Penrith to High Hesket and so made his way to Lanercost and Gilsland in August 1800, he has left no record of so memorable an excursion. It is certain that the local description of scenery which he gave to the journey of Bracy the Bard (lines 493–7), and which, so he told the author of an article in *Fraser's Magazine* (October 1834), he intended to give at greater length and with minuter details, was derived from the 'Inquisition of Queen Elizabeth' as to the *Manerium de Tradermayne*:—"Item, there be divers and sundry groves and places of wood within the said manner, viz. Willparke, *Halegarth Wood*, Dundell Wood, etc. Item, there are divers commons of heath and moor grounds belonging to the manner, viz.—Torthoy Dundell . . . *Knorren Moor* and others. . . . Item, the bounder of the said manner beginneth at the foot of *Knorren*, and up Knorren to the foot of Cragg Burne . . . from thence to *Irdinge*, from *Irdinge* to Brudessolle . . . and from thence to the Stone Cross, and from thence to the foot of *Knorren*, where this bounder first began." (*Hist. of Cumberland*, i. 100.)

Now Coleridge was a minute observer and an accurate recorder of the insignificant as well as the striking and picturesque features of the scenes which he visited, but it is inconceivable that he would have noticed or have heard tell of two of Bard Bracy's landmarks. The torso of Triermain Castle is on the northern side of the 'Irthing Flood', some three miles west of Gilsland Spa, and might have attracted his attention, but Halegarth or Hallguards Wood, which is about half a mile to the west of the Castle, and Knorren Moor or Fell, which is

two or three miles to the west, are place-names which none but inquisitors or surveyors would have in remembrance. They were discovered and appropriated by Coleridge, *vel metri vel euphoniae gratiâ.*

There is one passage in the Second Part of *Christabel* (lines 408–26), which even the *Edinburgh* Reviewer (Hazlitt or his double) singled out for grudging commendation. D. G. Rossetti (*Recollections of Rossetti*, by T. Hall Caine, 1882, pp. 154–6) considered that they refer to the breach between Coleridge and Charles Lamb which began and ended in 1798, and maintained that they were written quite separately, and then fitted into *Christabel.* "The two lines," he adds, "about Roland and Sir Leoline are an intrusion and an outrage." "Whispering tongues" might, indeed, have been a poetical rendering of what Lamb afterwards described as [Charles] 'Lloyd's tattle', but there is nothing to show that they are not an integral part of the poem. I have little doubt that "his heart's best brother" meant Southey, and that the reference is to the quarrel about Pantisocracy begun in 1795, and never finally healed till the autumn of 1799. In September 1800, Coleridge was at Keswick, Southey in Portugal, and the thought of all that had come and gone between the two, the recollection of the 'void in his bosom' (as Southey once put it), which that prolonged alienation had left unfilled, was the immediate inspiration of this *locus classicus* on sundered friendship, which Coleridge himself described as the "best and sweetest lines he had ever written". But, of course, they are inclusive and by no means of private interpretation. In 1813 Coleridge re-inscribes them to Tom Poole, *con intenzione*, and in 1820 Lamb tells Coleridge that "the dreary sea" which once flowed between them was filled up.

It is a commonplace of criticism that the Second Part of *Christabel* is less original, less a thing of itself, than the First. It is true that the link is broken, that the two parts are separate poems. In the First Part we are spectators of the action, in the Second we are listening to a narrative. In the First Part we are borne along as in a dream, independently of volition or experience, in the Second we can recognize the art and the *motif* of the narrative. The chief speakers in the Second Part are the Baron, and a new character, Bard Bracy. By what choice or accident Coleridge so happily named him can only be surmised. The Bracys were a family of knightly rank who preceded the Lygons in the possession of the manor of Madresfield. According to Thomas Nash, author of the *History of Worcestershire* (1782), a work which Coleridge obtained from the Bristol Library, "William Bracy (7 Henry VI) was returned into the exchequer as an esquire to attend the king into France," and it is possible that the sentence lingered in his memory. Be that as it may, the name took hold of his fancy, for on September 14, 1800, when a third son was born to him, he scribbled in his notebook, 'A boy. ? Bracy,' a somewhat premature christening which has helped to date the composition of the Second Part of *Christabel*. As the poem goes on the story itself makes but little progress. Apart from a prolonged conversation between the Baron and his Bard, the origin or commencement of the much-vaunted 'swelling' of the poem into thirteen or fourteen hundred lines, the sole event or circumstance is the 'o'ermastering', the *possession* of Christabel, and the fascination and perversion of the Baron by the mysterious stranger, the disturber of the peace of

Langdale Hall. But the Geraldine who paced into the Baron's presence-room is not the Geraldine who held the slumbering maiden in her arms, and sealed her with the seal of her own bewitchment. As Coleridge himself might have put it, the Geraldine of the First Part is a supernatural, of the Second Part a trans-natural being. The half-mythical, half-pathological conception of the *witch* Geraldine as a human snake denotes a 'transition to another kind', a development of the idea. What suggested or determined this departure from the original?

Oliver Wendell Holmes in his psychological novel, *Elsie Venner* (ed. 1861, cap. xvi, p. 202), compares *Christabel* with Keats's *Lamia*. "Geraldine," writes one of the characters, "seems to be simply a malignant witch-woman with the *evil* eye, but no absolute ophidian relationship. Lamia is a serpent transformed by magic into a woman. The idea of both is mythological, and not in any sense physiological." The idea of the Geraldine of the Second Part is, in my judgement, physiological as well as mythological. The story of *Lamia* is founded on a passage in Philostratus (*De Vitâ Apollonii*, lib. iv), given at length in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*[1], and it is possible that another favourite author of Burton's, Antoine Mizauld, or Mizaldus (see for the suggestion *Elsie Venner*, p. 198), may be responsible for Geraldine's 'serpent eye'. The story, which Dr. Holmes paraphrases, is given at length in *Mizaldus Redivivus*. Freely translated it is to this effect:—"When Alexander the Great

[1] See, for an allusion to the story, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. i. sect. ii. mem. ii, subs. iv. (1893 i. 266). Burton incorrectly gives 'Curtius' as his authority.

was in the East the King of Inde presented him with a damsel of singular beauty and comeliness. Fair though she was she had been reared and nourished on the poisonous wolf's bane, and mischief and treachery lurked in the gift. Now it chanced that Aristotle when he looked at the maiden perceived that one moment her eyes blazed and sparked, and then blinked and closed like the eyes of a snake. 'Have a care for yourself, my Lord Alexander,' said he, 'the damsel is steeped in venom. Destruction and death await you in her embraces.' Nor was Aristotle out in his rede, for as many as wooed the damsel were smitten of her poison and died. I give the story on the authority of Aristotle, of Averroes, of Galen and Avicenna, and many others.'"[1] Coleridge may have found the story in

[1] 'Puella insigni pulchritudine decora, sed napelli veneno* educata, ab Indorum rege doloso muneri Alexandro Magno data fuit. Cuius scintillantes et serpentum more nictantes oculos cum Aristoteles vidisset, O Alexander, inquit, cave tibi ab hac, nam virus pestilentissimum alit, unde tibi exitium paratur. Nec iudicio defuit eventus, plerique enim proci puellae huius commercio intoxicati perierunt. Auctores sunt Aristoteles, Averroës, Galenus, Avic. et alii multi.'—*Misaldus Redivivus sive Centuriae xii Memorabilium: Memorabilium Arcanorum vi.* No. 593. Noribergae, 1681, p. 262.

Dr. Holmes was not the first modern author to turn to account the fact or fable of the envenomed and venomous maiden. He was anticipated by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his story of "The Daughter of Rapaccini" which was first published in the *Democratic Review*, and was afterwards included in *Mosses of the Manse*. The heroine of the tale, which purports to be a translation from the French ("La Belle Empoisonneuse") of M. de l'Aubepine (i. e. Hawthorne), is the daughter of a scientific herbalist, who by "the commixture and, as it were, adultery of various vegetable species", has produced a marvellous shrub that bore a profusion of purple blooms. Her daily task is to tend this shrub, which is endowed with the Upas-like property of impregnating all who approach or touch its leaves and flowers with a measure of its own deadliness.

* Probably *Aconitum ferox*, or Nepaul Aconite—a root called *Bish* or *Bikh* in India. Other varieties are the *Aconitum Napellus* (as in the text) and *Aconitum Lycoctonum*.

one of his landlord's medical journals, or in Mizaldus or in some other ancient compiler of 'Tales of Wonder', but there can be little doubt that this poison-bred 'daughter of Raguel' was a spiritual ancestress of the snake-eyed Geraldine.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND

These lines (655–77) are not to be found in any of the three MSS. of *Christabel*, nor in Sarah Hutchinson's transcription. Coleridge sent them to Southey in a letter (May 6, 1801), in which he expresses some anxiety with regard to his son Hartley: then in his fifth year. "If I were to lose him", he writes, "I am afraid it would exceedingly deaden my affection for any other children I may have." Then follow the lines, with a brief note or comment, "A very metaphysical account of fathers calling their children rogues, rascals, and little varlets, &c." The

Not only is Beatrice herself envenomed, but her breath transmits the poison to her lover Giovanni, whom she innocently permits to woo her. The source of this weird imagining is revealed by an incidental allusion to a story "met with in an old classic author", the story of an Indian Prince and his gift of a beautiful maiden, who has been nourished on poison, to Alexander the Great. The story may be traced back through Mizaldus to the pseudo-Aristotelian *Secreta Secretorum*, supposed to be the work of a Syriac Christian physician of the eighth century. See a fifteenth-century edition:—*Incipit liber qui dicit secreta secretorum etc.* ff°. viii°. *De conservatione contra aliqua pericula mortis.* Capitulum xiii. The passage is freely rendered in *The Gouernance of Prynces.* Translated by James Yonge in 1422. See *Early English Text Society*, Extra Series, lxxiv. 1898, p. 195. Allusions to the story are to be found in Albertus Magnus. See Beati Alb. Magni, *Operum*, Tom. vi, Lugduni, 1651, p. 236. *De Animalibus.* Tract 2. Cap. 8. See, too, Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, bk. vii. cap. 17, 1646, p. 378. See, too, *Early English Text Society*, Extra Series lxvi, 1894, p. ix.

description of "a little child, a limber elf" corresponds with other word-pictures of Hartley's babyhood contained in his father's letters, and may be compared with the "breeze-like motion, and the self-born carol" of Wordsworth's 'Lines to H. C. six years old'. There can be no doubt that Hartley was the immediate inspirer of the lines as they stand, but it has, I think, been too hastily concluded that they have nothing to do with *Christabel*, and were tacked on in 1816, merely to eke out the third folio of the pamphlet.

The nexus between this so-called Conclusion and the closing lines of the Second Part is to be found in the implied comparison between Sir Leoline's wrath, the excess of love transformed into the excess of bitterness and the mock resentment of love playing at wrath, which is none the less 'a fault and corruption' of this world of sin. It cannot be proved, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that these apparently disconnected lines are one of the *disjecta membra* of an attempted Third Part, and in the face of Gillman's circumstantial evidence to the contrary (*Life of Coleridge*, p. 277) I am all but convinced that the lines entitled 'The Knight's Tomb' ("Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?"), which Scott quoted from memory in *Ivanhoe* (cap. viii), were also composed, not as 'an experiment for a metre', but in the metre, and for the continuation, of *Christabel*. They are of the time and place; they breathe the mountain air; they are partakers of the poet's *joy*.

And what was the "whole plan entire from beginning to end" which Coleridge avowed was ever present to his own mind, and only awaited its realization in metre?

"The following relation," says Gillman, "was to have

occupied a third and fourth Canto, and to have closed the tale.

"Over the mountains, the Bard, as directed by Sir Leoline, 'hastes' with his disciple; but in consequence of one of those inundations supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the Castle once stood is discovered—the edifice itself being washed away. He determines to return. Geraldine being acquainted with all that is passing, like the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*, vanishes. Reappearing, however, she waits the return of the Bard, exerting in the meantime, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the Baron's breast, as well as that jealousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the youth at length arrive, and therefore she can no longer personate the character of Geraldine, the daughter of Lord Roland de Vaux, but changes her appearance to that of the accepted though absent lover of Christabel. Next ensues a courtship most distressing to Christabel, who feels—she knows not why—great disgust for her once favoured knight. This coldness is very painful to the Baron, who has no more conception than herself of the supernatural transformation. She at last yields to her father's entreaties, and consents to approach the altar with this hated suitor. The real lover, returning, enters at this moment, and produces the ring which she had once given him in sign of her betrothment. Thus defeated, the supernatural being Geraldine disappears. As predicted, the Castle bell tolls, the mother's voice is heard, and to the exceeding great joy of the parties, the rightful marriage takes place, after which follows a reconciliation and explanation between the father and daughter." (*Life*, pp. 301–2.)

conception of any of his productions, than we were able to follow him.

> 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
> And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
> Tu whit!—Tu whoo!
> . . . . . .

At the conclusion of . . . the first stanza of *Christabel*, he would perhaps comment at full length upon such a line as—

> Tu whit!—Tu whoo!

that we might not fall into the mistake of supposing originality to be its sole merit. In fact, he very seldom went right on to the end of any piece of poetry—to pause and analyse was his delight. What he told his fellow travellers respecting *Christabel*, he has since repeated in print, in words which, if not the very same, are equally Coleridgian." (*Early Years and Late Recollections*, 1856, i. 138, 139.) By print Carlyon refers to the Preface to *Christabel* published in 1816, and more loosely to passages in the *Table Talk*, and in Allsop's *Letters, Conversations*, &c., published after the writer's death. If Coleridge discoursed on the inwardness of 'Tu whit!—Tu whoo!' we may be sure that he 'chaunted' the line as it was first written down—'Tu-u-whit! Tu-u-whoo!' Carlyon does not tell us much, but he helps us to "live o'er again that happy hour".

A few months later we hear of *Christabel* again, and this time with reference to its publication. In August, 1799, there was a second and final reconciliation between Coleridge and Southey. The literary partnership begun in Bristol and dissolved in the dissolution of Pantisocracy was revived and put on a different footing. Southey was engaged in compiling the *Annual Anthology* for 1800,

and Coleridge, whose verses had been conspicuous by their absence in 1799, promised to contribute a number of unpublished poems. Southey, who had, no doubt, been introduced to *Christabel*, pleaded for its completion and inclusion in his new volume, but at this Coleridge was inclined to reluct. "I will set about *Christabel*," he writes, October 15, 1799, "but I do not think it a fit opening poem." Again, a month later, November 10, "In my last letter I said I would give you my reasons for thinking *Christabel, were* it finished, and finished as spiritedly as it commences, yet still an improper opening poem. My reason is, it cannot be expected to please all. *Those* who dislike it will deem it extravagant ravings, and go on through the rest of the collection with the feeling of disgust, and it is not impossible that, were it liked by any, it would still not harmonize with the *real life* poems that follow. It ought, I think, to be the last." And finally, December 9, 1799, "I am afraid that I have scarce poetic enthusiasm enough to finish *Christabel*, but the poem with which Davy was so much delighted, I perhaps may finish time enough." Coleridge printed (or re-printed) fifteen poems and ten epigrams in the *Anthology*, but concerning *Christabel* there was silence. March and April 1800 were devoted to the translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and when that was all but finished he fled northwards to Grasmere and Wordsworth. Whilst he was paying his first visit to the Cottage at Townend, Lamb wrote to him (April 16 or 17): "Coleridge, I find loose among your papers [left in Lamb's charge at Pentonville] a copy of *Christabel*. It wants about thirty lines; you will oblige me by sending me the beginning as far as that line—

And the spring comes slowly up that way;

and the intermediate lines between—

> The lady leaps up suddenly,
> The lovely lady Christabel,

and the lines—

> She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
> And stole to the other side of the oak.

The trouble to you *will be small*, and the benefit to us *very great*—a pretty antithesis! a figure in speech I much applaud." But there was no sound or answer made, and in August or September Lamb writes again: "I wish you would advert to a letter I sent you at Grassmere about *Christabel*, and comply with my request contained therein."

The foregoing excerpts refer to the First Part of *Christabel*, lines 1–278. (The Second Part was begun at Greta Hall, most probably in the last week of August, and was certainly finished before October 4, 1800. I have already endeavoured to show that the Conclusion to the First Part was written certainly at Keswick in the autumn of 1800, possibly between the 4th and 22nd of October, when "Coleridge read *Christabel*" to Wordsworth for the third or fourth time.) The first intimation of the existence of a Second Part is to be found in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal for August 31: "At 11 o'clock Coleridge came. . . He came over Helvellyn. . . We sate and chatted till half-past three—Coleridge reading a part of *Christabel*"—that is, as I take it, the commencement of the Second Part. A fortnight later he makes the following entry in his own journal: "Sunday night ½ past 10 a boy [Derwent Coleridge] born. ? Bracy." 'Bard Bracy' is introduced at line 480, and the inference is that by this time the Second Part was approaching completion.

On September 15 the following letter was dispatched to Cottle's partner, N. Biggs, who had begun to print for Longman a new and enlarged edition of *The Lyrical Ballads.* (See *Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS.* Edited by W. Hale White, 1893, p. 14.)

DEAR SIR,—It is my particular request that, if no part of the poem of *Christabel* is already printed off, the poems which I now send should be inserted before *Christabel.* This I wish to be done even if the press for *Christabel* be composed. I had no notion that the printing of *Christabel* would be begun till you received further intelligence from Mr. Coleridge. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Grasmere, *15th September.*

How and when the 'copy' of any portion of *Christabel* was transmitted to the printers is somewhat of a mystery. It is evident that when Wordsworth wrote to Biggs (September 15, and, again, October 10, 1800) he was under the impression that part had been already 'printed off'; and in a letter to Davy dated December 2, 1800, Coleridge asks that "all that is printed of *Christabel*" may be sent to him by post. It is possible that Coleridge had placed in Davy's hands the MS. of the First Part of *Christabel* before he left Bristol (*circ.* June 20, 1800), but if such proof or proofs ever reached Greta Hall they were mislaid or destroyed.

By the third week of September doubts had arisen in Coleridge's own mind with regard to the completion of the poem. He writes (possibly to Davy): "From the commencement of November next I give myself exclusively to the life of Lessing. . . The delay in copy has been owing to me as the writer of *Christobel* (*sic*).

Every line has been produced by me with labor pangs. I abandon poetry altogether. . . My wife was safely and speedily delivered of a very fine boy on last Sunday night." (From an extract printed in Catalogue of H. Frederickson's Library, sold May, 1897.)

At the end of the month (not, I think, on the 14th, as the entry in Dorothy's Journal has been taken to imply) Coleridge went over to Grasmere, and whilst he was there (the postmark of the packet is Sept. 30, 1800) took some part in correcting a Preface which Wordsworth had prepared for the press. One sentence, to which a note was attached, runs thus : "For the sake of variety and from a consciousness of my own weakness I have again requested the assistance of a Friend who contributed largely to the first volume,[1] and who has now furnished me with the ~~long and beautiful~~ Poem of *Christabel*, without which I should not yet have ventured to present a second volume to the public :—

Note. [1] The Poems ~~furnished~~ supplied by my Friend are the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Foster-Mother's Tale*, the *Nightingale*, the *Dungeon*, and the Poem entitled *Love*."

"The note," says Mr. Hale White, "is by Coleridge, and the corrections both in the paragraph and in the note are most likely his." As late, then, as September 30, Coleridge is at work on *Christabel*, and Wordsworth intends that it should be printed in a second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*. On October 4, Coleridge again came over, and Dorothy says that she (or they) were "exceedingly delighted with the second part of *Christabel*". That was on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning, October 5, Coleridge read *Christabel* a second time; "we had increasing pleasure; a delicious morning"; but on

Monday, October 6, 'a rainy day': a black Monday indeed, the guillotine fell, and it was "determined not to print *Christabel* with the *L. B.*" On Tuesday Coleridge went back to Keswick. What the Wordsworths thought we do not know from their own lips, but the record remains of what Coleridge said and of what they did.

On October 9, Coleridge wrote to Humphry Davy, who had undertaken to correct the proof-sheets of the new edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and would expect to receive proofs of *Christabel*: "The *Christabel* was running up to 1,300 lines, and was so much admired by Wordsworth, that he thought it indelicate to print two volumes with his name, in which so much of another man's was included; and, which was of more consequence, the poem was in direct opposition to the very purpose for which the *Lyrical Ballads* were published, viz. an experiment to see how far those passions which alone give any value to extraordinary incidents were capable of interesting, in and for themselves, in the incidents of common life. We mean to publish the *Christabel*, therefore, with a long blank-verse poem of Wordsworth's entitled *The Pedlar*." Five days later (October 14) he writes to Tom Poole: "For the last fortnight, my dear Poole, I have been about to write to you, but jolts and ruts and flings have constantly unhinged my resolves. The truth is the endeavour to finish *Christabel* (which has swelled into a poem of 1,400 lines) for the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads* threw my business terribly back, and now I am sweating for it."

His final apology was proffered to his patron Josiah Wedgwood, in a letter dated November 1, 1800:

"Immediately on my arrival in this country I undertook to finish a poem which I had begun, entitled *Christabel*, for a second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*. I tried to perform my promise; but the deep unutterable disgust which I had suffered in the translation of the accursed *Wallenstein* seemed to have stricken me with barrenness; for I tried and tried, and nothing would come of it. I desisted with a deeper dejection than I am willing to remember. The wind from Skiddaw and Borrowdale was often as loud as wind need be, and many a walk in the clouds on the mountains did I take; but all would not do, till one day I dined out at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and somehow or other drank so much wine, that I found some effort and dexterity requisite to balance myself on the hither side of sobriety. The next day my verse-making faculties returned to me, and I proceeded successfully, till my poem grew so long, and in Wordsworth's opinion so impressive, that we rejected it from his volume as disproportionate both in size and merit, and as discordant in character." Three weeks earlier, on October 10, or perhaps a few days before, Wordsworth had definitely excluded *Christabel* from his second volume. He directs the printers to cancel the first page of the Preface, which announced the inclusion of *Christabel*, and goes on to say: "It is my wish and determination that (whatever the expense may be, which I hereby take upon myself) such pages of *Christabel* as have been printed (if any such there be) be cancelled." So sank into her 'vacant interlunar cave' the moon-like *Christabel*.

It is difficult to explain Coleridge's statements with regard to the length of his poem. The excuses and

apologies which he offers to his correspondents were, no doubt, echoes of his conversations with the Wordsworths when it was "determined not to print *Christabel* in the *L. B.*" They had 'greatly admired' the Second Part when it was read to them, but when Coleridge pointed out that the poem was 'running up' to 1,300 or 1,400 lines, that the scale was expanded, and that when completed it would be twice its existing size, partly because they knew their man and feared further delay, and partly for other reasons, they agreed to throw it overboard. The peremptory tone of Wordsworth's letter to the printers suggests that Coleridge, and perhaps Dorothy, had pleaded that the poem should be printed as a fragment, or that time should be allowed for its completion, and that he put his foot to the ground, and shut out all compromise. A 'long and beautiful *Christabel*' he would have welcomed, but a *Christabel* of 1,400 lines would have been too long a poem for the title and the scheme of the *Lyrical Ballads*. But to Poole, if not to Davy, Coleridge seems to imply that he had actually written 1,400 lines; and though there are traces of detached fragments in the metre of *Christabel*, though it by no means follows that, because the MS. is not forthcoming, no such MS. ever existed, it must be admitted that the substance of this visionary 'swelling' is still to seek.[1]

[1] In an unpublished letter to Lord Byron, dated October 22, 1815, Coleridge says that "the first book and half of the second were finished [in 1797], and it was not till after my return from Germany, in 1800, that I resumed it and finished the second and a part of the third book". I can only say with Geraldine, "As sure as Heaven shall rescue me, I have no thought which *books* they be." It is possible that, in the autumn of 1800, while the *oestrum* was upon him, he composed a number of lines which were never even transcribed, and which he felt were unworthy to be emended or preserved.

to C. W. Wynne, dated March 5, 1805, alludes to it as a fact within his knowledge: "The beginning of the story is too like Coleridge's *Christobell*, which he had seen; the very line 'Jesu Maria, shield her well' is caught from it. When you see the *Christobell* you will not doubt that Scott has imitated it; I do not think designedly, but the echo was in his ear, not for emulation, but *propter amorem*"; and to Jeffrey, before 1810, and, long afterwards, in the Preface to the 1830 edition of his poems, Scott admitted, or, rather, openly announced, that the metre of *Christabel* suggested and determined the metre of the *Lay*, and that he was "bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master". Scott owed something more than the choice of a metre, a '*mescolanza* of measures', to borrow his own phrase, to his appreciation of *Christabel*; but none the less, as Coleridge was the first to plead, "no insect was ever more like in the colour of its skin and juices to the leaf it fed on than Scott's muse to Scott himself." Scott's great achievement was all his own.

To return to the history of the 'Fragment'. Two years after the Bulmerian scheme had come to nothing, pressure was put upon Coleridge to publish *Christabel*. In a letter to his wife (April 4, 1803) he writes: "To-day I dine again with Sotheby. He had informed me that the gentlemen who have met me at his house desired him to solicit me to finish the *Christabel*, and to permit them to publish it for me; and they engaged that it should be in paper, printing, and decorations the most magnificent thing that had appeared. Of course, I declined it. The lovely lady shan't come to this pass! Many times rather would I have it printed at Soulby's

on the true Ballad paper." In 1803, save for those "wild and wondrous" lines, *The Pains of Sleep*, his poetical powers were in a state of suspended animation, and in vain was the net spread. Thenceforth, save in a letter to Southey (Dec. 14, 1807), in which Coleridge confesses that "he did not overhugely admire the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, but saw no likeness whatever to the *Christabel*, much less any improper resemblance"; in a letter to Wordsworth (1810), in which he hints that Scott took his Allan-bane in the *Lady of the Lake* from Bard Bracy, and in a draft of a letter written in November 1811 "to a man who offered to review W. Scott's poem to his injury", in which he rebuts the charge of plagiarism, but admits a resemblance between "a phrase here and a phrase there, a likeness of the metre, the movement, the ways of relating an event", for ten long years there is silence. Then in a letter to Poole (February 13, 1813) following and blotting out some 'unkindness' on the part of his friend, he quotes "the best and sweetest lines he ever wrote" ("Alas! they had been friends in youth," &c.). The success of *Remorse*, which was being played at Drury Lane, turned back his thoughts to the triumph which he had foregone—the completion and successful reception of *Christabel*. But the 'lovely lady', like the Princess in the Fable, still slept on. At last, in the first week of June, 1815, in "Mr. Murray's drawing-room in Albemarle Street", Sir Walter Scott recited *Christabel* to Lord Byron. Coleridge had appealed to Byron to assist him in the publication of his works, and it is possible that Byron in turn had consulted Scott with regard to Coleridge's attainments and chances of success. Perhaps, too, Byron had read the singular

and striking parody, or imitation, entitled *Christobell. A Gothic Tale* (*vide post*, Appendix, pp. 104–110), which had been published in the *European Magazine* in the preceding April, and was curious concerning the original. Be that as it may, by this second recitation Scott repaid a large measure of the value which he had received from the recitation at Lasswade in 1802; for in reply to Coleridge's appeal for assistance Byron lavished such praise on *Christabel* that a copy of the MS. was forwarded for his perusal and consideration. In November, 1815, Byron suggested to Murray that he should publish *Christabel* as a fragment. Publisher and author must soon have come to terms, for, as his friend and host James Gillman has recorded, Coleridge came to Highgate on Monday evening, April 15, 1816, "bringing in his hand the proof-sheets of *Christabel*," which was now for the second time in the press. On May 8, 1816, Murray agreed to pay Coleridge seventy guineas for *Christabel*, retaining the copyright until certain "other poems shall be completed", and £20 "for the right to include *Kubla Khan* in the same pamphlet with *Christabel*". *The Pains of Sleep* were thrown into hotch-pot. There were three editions (or, rather, three issues with different title-pages) of *Christabel*, and the net profit to the publisher was a little over £100.[1] *Christabel; Kubla Khan, a Vision; The Pains of Sleep*, an octavo pamphlet of 64 pages, was published May 25, 1816.

With one or two exceptions,[2] for instance the *Critical*

[1] It should be borne in mind that in another transaction with Coleridge concerning *Zapolya* and 'some other play', Murray forewent the repayment of £50 which he had advanced on June 16, 1816.

[2] Gillman, in his *Life of Coleridge*, pp. 304–7, published a long extract from "an anonymous criticism published soon after the *Christabel*". The spirit

praise . . . arose from many a secret place, and Coleridge, amidst the simpers of the silly, and the laughter of the light, and the scorn of the callous, and the abuse of the brutal . . . received the laurel crown woven by the hands of all the best of his brother bards—and wore it ever after cheerfully but without pride—round his lofty forehead—and it was green as ever the day he died." (*Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1834, No. ccxxvii, p. 563.)

In his Preface to *Christabel* (1816) Coleridge had held out a hope that he would "embody in verse the three parts yet to come in the course of the present year". No such attempt was made, but after *Christabel* was printed and published he made some alterations and added several new lines. Most of these corrections and additions, which remained unpublished till 1828, were written in a copy of the first edition which Coleridge presented in November 1816 to David Hinves, the confidential servant of William Stewart Rose, who had received Coleridge as a guest at his quaint little cottage at Muddiford. In July, 1817, Coleridge tells Poole that "Mr. Frere had strenuously advised him to finish the *Christabel*", and a month later, in a letter to his wife, he talks of going to the seaside and finishing *Christabel*. A few years later, perhaps in 1820 (Maginn's Continuation of *Christabel* had appeared in *Blackwood*, July, 1819), he confided his hopes or dreams to Allsop (*Letters and Conversations*, &c., 1836, i. 94):—

"If I should finish *Christabel*, I shall certainly extend it and give new characters, and a greater number of incidents. This the 'reading public' require, and this is the reason that Sir Walter Scott's poems, though so loosely

written, are pleasing and interest us by their picturesqueness. If a genial recurrence of the ray divine should occur for a few weeks, I shall certainly attempt it. I had the whole of the two cantos in my mind before I began it; certainly the first canto is more perfect, has more of the true wild weird spirit, than the last."

And, again to Allsop, January 1821: "Of my Poetic Works I would fain finish the *Christabel*." (*Ibid.* i. 156.)

As long as he lived the completion of *Christabel* was a possibility evermore frustrated by some cause from without, 'the masker bold' of the cause from within. In the *Table Talk* for July 6, 1833, he tells his nephew Henry Nelson Coleridge: "I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonizing my thoughts, and in animating and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing *Christabel* is not that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one." In the *Table Talk* we learn for the first time of the difficulty of executing the idea. It may be that he was making himself the mouthpiece of others. Wordsworth told Mr. Justice Coleridge (*Memoirs*, &c., 1851, ii. 307) that "he regretted that the story had not been made to end the same night in which it begun. There was difficulty and danger in bringing such a personage as the witch to the daylight, and the breakfast-table"—a difficulty, by the way, which had

been successfully overcome in the Second Part: or it may be that the night was at hand, and that Coleridge knew in his heart that neither he nor another would 'close the story'.[1] In wonder it had begun—in wonder it would end; but "Admiration fills up the interspace"![2]

[1] In a note (p. xlii) to his 'Introductory Essay' prefixed to *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (E. Moxon, Son & Company, [?] 1870), the editor, Derwent Coleridge, writes:—"The sufferings of Christabel were to have been represented as vicarious, endured for her 'lover far away'; and Geraldine, no witch or goblin, or malignant being of any kind, but a spirit, executing her appointed task with the best good will, as she herself says:—

> All they, who live in the upper sky,
> Do love you, holy Christabel, &c. (ll. 227–32).

In form this is, of course, accommodated to 'a fond superstition', in keeping with the general tenour of the piece; but that the holy and the innocent do often suffer for the faults of those they love, and are thus made the instruments to bring them back to the ways of peace, is a matter of fact, and in Coleridge's hands might have been worked up into a tale of deep and delicate pathos." The writer speaks with authority, and it is possible that this suggestion of 'vicarious' suffering on the part of Christabel was made by Coleridge himself. It must be received with respect, but it does not add much to the interpretation of the poem as a whole.

[2] *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, p. 228.

Dearest Sara, this original M.S. of your Father's was transcribed for Aunt Sarah - my Mother gave it to me on my Aunt's death: & I give it to you knowing how precious it must be to you for all their sakes, & being sure it will be cherished for mine also as a memorial of a lifelong friendship & of my undying love. Dora Wordsworth

Rydal Mount
May 22. 1847.

Edith Coleridge

Christabel

Book the First

S. Coleridge

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock:
Tu — u — whoo! Tu — u — whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich
Hath a toothless mastiff Bitch:
From her Kennel beneath the Rock
She maketh answer to the Clock,
Four for the Quarters and Twelve for the Hour,
Ever and aye, Moonshine or Shower,
Sixteen short Howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my Lady's Shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The Moon is behind, and at the Full,
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is grey:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

I have heard the grey-hair'd Friar, tell,
How on her Death-bed she did say
That she should hear the Castle Bell
Strike twelve upon my Wedding Day.
O Mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were.

But soon with alter'd voice said she.
"Off, wandering Mother. Peak and pine
"I have power to bid thee flee.
Alas! What ails poor Geraldine?
What stares she with unsettled Eye?
Can she the bodiless Dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she
"Off, Woman, off! this Hour is mine—
Though thou her Guardian Spirit be,
"Off, Woman, off! 'tis given to me.

The lovely Lady, Christabel,
Whom her Father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late
A furlong from the Castle Gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed Knight,
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the Weal of her Lover, that's far away.

She stole along, She nothing spoke,
The Breezes they were still also;
And nought was green upon the Oak,
But the Moss and Mistletoe:
She knelt beneath the huge Oak Tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The Lady leaps up suddenly,
The lovely Lady, Christabel!
It moan'd as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell —
On the other side it seems to be
Of the huge broad-breasted old Oak Tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek –
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she see a damsel bright
Drest in a silken Robe of White;
Her Neck, her Feet, her Arms were bare,
And the Jewels were fumbled in her Hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A Lady so richly-clad, as she,
Beautiful exceeding 'ly!

"Mary Mother, save me now!"
Said Christabel. "And who art thou?"

The Lady strange made answer meet,
And her Voice was faint and sweet:
"Have pity on my sore Distress,
I scarce can speak for Weariness.
Stretch forth thy Hand, and have no fear —"

Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
And the Lady, whose Voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet.

My Sire is of a noble line,
And my Name is Geraldine.
Five Ruffians seiz'd me yesternoon,
Me, even me, a Maid forlorn;
They choak'd my Cries with wicked Might,
And Tied me on a Palfrey White;
The Palfrey was as fleet as Wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurr'd amain, their Steeds were White,
And twice we cross'd the Shade of Night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no Thought what Men they be,
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain in Swoon, I wis)
Since me, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the Palfrey's Back,
A weary Woman scarce alive.
Some muttered Words his Comrades spoke,
He placed me underneath this Oak,
He swore, they would return with Haste;
Whither they went, I cannot tell.
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a Castle Bell.
Stretch forth thy Hand (I thus ended She)
And help a wretched Maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretcht forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine,
Saying, that she should command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And straight be conveyd, free from Thrall,
Back to her noble Father's Hall.

So up she rose and forth they hasd
With hurrying steps yet nothing fast.
Her lucky Star the Lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said.
All our Household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not awaken'd be,
So to my Room we'll creep in stealth,
And you to night must sleep with me.

+ + + +

They crept the Moat, and Christabel
Took the Key that fitted well;
A little Door she speedily sought
All in the middle of the Gate,
The Gate that was strong within and without,
Where an Army in Battle array had marched out.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

So free from Danger, free from Fear
They crept the Court: right glad they were.
And Christabel softly cried
To the Lady by her side,
O praise the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy Distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for Weariness.
So free from Danger, free from Fear,
They crept the Court: right glad they were.

Beside her kennel the Mastiff old
Lay fast asleep in moonshine cold.
The Mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make.
And what can ail the Mastiff Bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps, it is the Owlets' Scritch.
For what can ail the Mastiff Bitch?

They passed the Hall, that echoes still
Pass as lightly as you will.
The Brands were flat, the Brands were dying
Amid their own white Ashes lying;
But when the Lady passed, there came
A Tongue of sight, a Fit of Flame,
And Christabel saw the Lady's Eye,
And nothing else she saw thereby
Save the Boss of the Shield of Sir Leoline tall
Which hung in a murky old Nitch in the Wall.

O softly tread, said Christabel,
My Father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,
And they are creeping up the stairs,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's Room,
As still as Death with stifled Breath:
And now, have reach'd her Chamber Door,
And now they with their Feet press down
The Rushes of her Chamber Floor.

~~The Moon shines dim in the open air~~
The Moon shines dim in th' open air,
And not a Moonbeam enters here.
But they without th' light can see
The Chamber carv'd so curiously,
Carv'd with figures strange and sweet
All made out of the Carver's Brain
For a Lady's Chamber meet:

The Lamp with twofold silver Chain
Is fasten'd to an Angel's feet.

The silver Lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the Lamp will trim.
She trimm'd the Lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine in wretched plight
Sank down upon the Floor below.

"O weary Lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this spicy Wine.
It is a Wine of virtuous powers;
My Mother made it of wild flowers."
"O drink it up, I pray you, do!
Believe me, it will comfort you."

"O will your Mother pity me,
Who am a Maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answer'd — Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.

I have heard the grey-hair'd Friar, Tell,
How on her Death-bed she did say
That she should hear the Castle Bell
Strike Twelve upon my Wedding Day.
O Mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were.

But soon with altered voice said she.
"Off, wandering Mother! Peak and pine!
"I have power to bid thee flee.
Alas! What ails poor Geraldine?
What stares she with unsettled Eye?
Can she the bodiless Dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, Woman, off! This Hour is mine—
"Though thou her Guardian Spirit be,
"Off, Woman, off! 'Tis given to me.

Then Christabel knelt by the Lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
Alas, said she, this ghastly ride —
Dear Lady! it hath wilder'd you!
The Lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, I am better now.

Again the wild flower wine she drank,
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor, whereon she sank,
The lofty Lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a Lady of a far Countrée.

And thus the lofty Lady spake —
All they, who live in th' upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair Maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself: for I

Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the Lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her Loveliness.

But through her Brain of Weal and Woe
So many Thoughts moved back and fro,
That vain it were her Eyes to close;
So half way from the Bed she rose,
And on her Elbow did recline
To look at the Lady Geraldine.

Beneath the Lamp the Lady bow'd
And slowly roll'd her eyes around;
Then drawing in her Breath aloud
Like one that shudder'd, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her Breast:
Her silken Robe and inner Vest
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,

Behold! her Bosom and half her Side
Are clean and old and fond of Hue—
A Sight to dream of, not to tell!
And she is to sleep by Christabel.

She took two Paces, and a Stride,
And lay down by the Maiden's Side.
And in her arms the Maid she took,
Ah wel a day!
And with sad Voice and doleful Look
These Words did say:

In the Touch of my Bosom there worketh a Spell,
Which is lord of thy Utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night and wilt know to-morrow
The Mark of my Shame, the Seal of my Sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy Power to declare,
That in the dim Forest
Thou heardst a low Moaning,
And foundst a bright Lady, surpassingly fair,
And didst bring her home with thee with Love & with Charity
To shield her and shelter her from the damp Air.

The Conclusion to Book the First.

It was a lovely Sight to see
The Lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old Oak Tree.
Amid the jagged Shadows
Of mossy leafless Boughs
Kneeling in the Moonlight
To make her gentle vows;

Her slender Palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her Breast;
Her Face resign'd to Bliss or Bale—
Her Face, Oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue Eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a Tear.

.*. Tairn or Tarn (derived by Lye from the Icelandic Tiorn, stagnum, palus) is rendered Lake in our Dictionaries as synonimous with Mere; but it is properly a Reservoir in the mountains, commonly the Feeder of some Mere in the valleys. Tarn Watling & Blellum Tarn, tho' no Lower Grand than other Tarns, are yet not exceptions - for they are an elevation, and Blellum Tarn feeds the Wynander Mere.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be She,
The Lady, that knelt at the old Oak Tree?
And O! the Worker of these Harms
That holds the Maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a Mother with her Child.

A Star hath set, a Star hath risen.
O Geraldine! since Arms of Thine
Have been the lovely Lady's Prison.
O Geraldine! One Hour was Thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By Tairn and Rill
The Night-birds all that Hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From Cliff and Tower, Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!
Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from Wood and Fell!

And see! the Lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her Trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin Lids
Close o'er her Eyes; and Tears she sheds—
Large Tears, that leave the Lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As Infants at a sudden Light!

Yea, she doth smile and she doth weep
Like a youthful Hermitess
Beauteous in a Wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in Sleep.

And if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the Blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian Spirit 'twere?
What if She knew her Mother near?

But this she knows, in Joys and Woes,
That Saints will aid if Men will call,
For the blue Sky bends over all!

Christabel

Part the second.

Each matin Bell, the Baron saith,
knells us back to a world of Death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
when he rose and found his Lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day.

And since the Custom and Law began,
That still at dawn the Sacristan,
Who duly tolls the heavy Bell,
Five and forty Beads must tell
Between each Stroke - a warning Knell,
Which not a Soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy The Bard. So let it knell!
And let the drowsy Sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no Lack of such, I ween,
To well fill up the Place between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With Ropes of Rock and Bells of Air
Three sinful Sextons' Ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The Death-note to their living Brother,
And off he by their Knell offended,
Just as their One-! Two-! Three!- is ended.
The Devil mocks the doleful Tale
With a merry Peal from Borrodale.

The Air is still: Thro' many a Cloud
That merry Peal comes ringing loud:
And Geraldine shakes off her dread

Which comforted her after rest,
While in the Lady's Arms she lay,
Had put a Rapture in her Breast,
And on her Lips and o'er her Eyes
Spread Smiles, like Light!

With new surprize,
"What ails then my beloved Child?"
The Baron said - His Daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no Power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the Spell.

Yet He, who saw this Geniture,
And knew in sooth a Thing divine,
Such Sorrow with such Grace she bore,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Heaven, that gentle Maid!
And with such lowly Tones she pray'd,
She might be sent without Delay

"Now Heaven be prais'd, if all be well."
And in low faltering Tones, yet sweet
Did She the lofty Lady greet
With such Perplexity of Mind
As Dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly array'd
Her maiden Limbs, and having pray'd
That He, Who in the Grave did groan,
Might wash away her Sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her Sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely Maid and the Lady tall
Are pacing both into the Hall,
And pacing on thro' Page and Groom
Enter the Baron's Presence Room.

The Baron rose and while he prest
His gentle Daughter to his Breast,
With cheerful Wonder in his Eyes
The Lady Geraldine espies,
And gave ~~her~~ such Welcome to the Dame,
As might befeem so bright a Dame!

But when he heard the Lady's Tale
And when she told her Father's Name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring her Name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!

Alas! they had been Friends in Youth,
But whispering Tongues can poison Truth;
And Constancy lives in Realms above;
And Life is thorny; and Youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the Brain:
And thus it chanced, as I divine,

Saith Bracy the Bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy Sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no Lack of such, I ween,
To well fill up the Place between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With Ropes of Rock and Bells of Air
Three sinful Sextons' Ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The Death-note to their living Brother,
And off he hies to do his Knell
Just as their One! Two! Three! is ended.
The Devil mocks the doleful Tale
With a merry Peal from Borrodale.

The Air is still: Thro' many a Cloud
That merry Peal comes ringing loud:
And Geraldine shakes off her Dread

And rises lightly from her Bed,
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her Hair in Lovely Plight,
And nothing doubting of her Spell
Awakens the Lady Christabel.

"Sleep you, sweet Lady Christabel?
"I trust, that you have rested well.

And Christabel awoke and spied
The Same, who lay down by her side -
I rather say, The Same whom She
Raised up beneath the old Oak Tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For She, belike, hath drunken deep
Of all the Blessedness of Sleep;
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle Thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her gentle heart
"Threw light beneath her scarving Breast.
"Sure I have sinned," said Christabel,

Which comforted her after rest,
While in the Lady's Arms she lay,
Had put a Rapture in her Breast,
And on her Lips and o'er her Eyes
Spread Smiles, like Light!

With new surprize,
"What ails then my beloved Child?"
The Baron said - His Daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no Power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the Spell.

Yet He, who saw this Geniture,
And hearkened now the Words divine,
Such Sorrow with such Grace she blended,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Innocent! that gentle Maid!
And with such lowly Tones she pray'd,
She might be sent without Delay

The Baron rose and while he prest
His gentle Daughter to his Breast,
with cheerful Wonder in his Eyes
The Lady Geraldine espies,
And gave ~~her~~ such Welcome to the Dame,
As might befeem so bright a Dame!

But when he heard the Lady's Tale
And when she told her Father's Name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the Name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!

Alas! they had been Friends in Youth,
But whispering Tongues can poison Truth;
And Constancy lives in Realms above;
And Life is thorny; and Youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the Brain:
And thus it chanced, as I divine,

With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high Disdain
And Insult to his Heart's best Brother,
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found Another
To free the hollow Heart from Paining——

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like Cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
A dreary Sea now flows between,
But neither Heat, nor Frost, nor Thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The Marks of that, which once hath been.

Sir Leoline a moment's space
Stood gazing on the Damsel's Face,
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his Heart again.

Then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swell'd high with Rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With Trump and solemn Heraldry,
That They, who Thus had wrong'd the Dame,
Were base as spotted Infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
"My Herald shall appoint a Week
"And let the recreant Traitors seek
"My Tourney Court - that There and Then
"I may dislodge their Reptile Souls
"From the Bodies and Forms of Men!
He shake: his eye in Lightning rolls!
For the Lady was ruthlessly seiz'd; and he kenn'd
In the beautiful Lady the Child of his Friend!

And now the Tears were on his Face,
And fondly in his Arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the Embrace
Prolonging it with joyous Look.
Which when she viewed, a Vision fell
Upon the Soul of Christabel,
The Vision full of Fear and Pain!
She shrunk, and shudder'd, and saw again
(Ah woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle Maid! such sight to see?)
Again she saw that Bosom old,
Again she felt that Bosom cold,
And drew in her Breath with a hissing Sound:
Whereat the Knight turn'd wildly round,
And nothing saw but his own sweet Maid
With Eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The Pang, the Sight, had pass'd away,
And in its Stead that Vision blest,

Which comforted her after rest,
While in the Lady's Arms she lay,
Had put a Rapture in her Breast,
And on her Lips and o'er her Eyes
Spread Smiles, like Light!

With new surprize,
"What ails then my beloved Child?"
The Baron said - His Daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no Power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the Spell.

Yet He, who saw this Geraldine,
And heard her sing a Song divine,
Such sorrow with such Grace she blended,
As if she fear'd, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle Maid!
And with such Courtly Care she led,
She might be sent without Delay

Home to her Father's Mansion.

"Nay!

"Nay, by my Soul!" said Lochinvar.
"Ho! Bracy, the Bard, the Charger is Thine!
"Go thou with Music sweet and loud
"And take two Steeds with flapping Sound
"And take the Youth, whom thou lovest best,
"To bear thy Harp, and learn thy Song,
"And clothe you both in solemn Vest,
"And over the Mountains haste along
"Lest wandering Folk, that are abroad,
"Detain you on the Valley Road.

"And when he has crost the Irthing Flow,
"My merry Bard! he hastes, he hastes
"Up Knorren Moor thro' Halegarth Wood,
"And reaches soon that Castle good
"Which stands and threatens Scotland's Wastes.

"Bard Bracy! Bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
"Ye must ride up the Hall, your Music is sweet
"More loud than your Horses' echoing feet!
"And loud, and loud, to Lord Roland call,
"Thy Daughter is safe in Dingdale Hall!
"Thy beautiful Daughter is safe and free—
"Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
"He bids thee come without delay
"With all thy numerous array
"And take thy lovely Daughter home,
"And he will meet thee on the way
"With all his numerous Array
"White with their panting Palfreys' foam:
"And, by mine Honor! I will say,
"That I repent me of the Day
"When I spake words of fierce disdain
"To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
"For since that evil hour hath flown,

"Many a Summers Sun have shone;
"Yet never found I a Friend again
"Like Roland de Vaux of Tynemain.

The Lady felt and clasp'd his Knees,
Her Face upraised, her Eyes o'erflowing:
And Bracy replied, with faltering Voice,
His gracious Hand on all bestowing.
Thy Words, thou Sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my Harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a Boon of Thee,
This Day my Journey should not be,
So strange a Dream hath come to me,
That I had vow'd with Music loud
To clear yon Wood from Thing unblest
Haunted by a Fiend and a Wicked Sprite.

For in my Sleep I saw that Dove,
That gentle Bird, whom Thou dost love,
And call'st by Thy own Daughter's Name,

Sir Ledine! I saw the same
Fluttering and uttering fearful Moan
Among the green Herbs in the Forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I hear'd
I wonder'd what might ail the Bird:
For nothing near it could I see
Save the Grass and green Herbs underneath the
old Tree.

And in my Dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found.
And what the sweet Birds Trouble meant
That thus lay fluttering on the Ground.
I went, and peer'd, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear Lady's sake
I stoop'd, methought, the Dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green Snake
Coil'd around its wings and neck.
Green as the Herbs on which it couch'd

Close by the Dove's its Head it crouch'd;
And with the Dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its Neck as she swell'd hers!
I woke; it was the midnight Hour.
The Clock was echoing in the Tower;
But tho' my Slumber was gone by,
This Dream it would not pass away —
It seem'd to live upon my Eye!
And thence I vow'd this self-same Day
~~With Music strong and saintly Song~~
~~To wander thro' the Forest bare~~
With Music strong and saintly Song
To wander thro' the Forest bare,
Lest aught unholy enter there.

Thus Bracy said. The Baron, the while,
Half-listning, heard him with a smile.
Then turn'd to Lady Geraldine,
His Eyes made up of Wonder and Love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet Maid, Lord Roland's beauteous Dove,

With arms more strong than Harp or Song
Thy Sire and I will crush the Snake:
He kiss'd her Forehead, as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright Eyes
With blushing Cheek and Courtesy fine
She turn'd her from Sir Leoline,
Softly gathering up her Robe
That day
And her right Arm fell again,
And folded her arms across her Chest,
And couch'd her Head upon her Breast,
And look'd askance at Christabel —
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A Snake's small Eye blinks dull and shy;
And the Lady's Eyes they shrunk in her Head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's Eye,
And with somewhat of Malice & more of Dread
At Christabel she look'd askance! —
One moment — and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy Trance
Stumbles on the unsteady Ground —

Shudder'd aloud with hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turn'd round,
And like a Thing, that sought relief,
Full of Wonder and full of Grief,
She roll'd her large bright Eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The Mary, alas! her thoughts are gone.
The Hag / see — no sight but one!
The Hand
Mary, devoid of Guile and Sin,
I know not how,
Geraldine, in fearful wise
So deeply had drunken in
That Look, those [redacted] Eyes,
That all her Features were resign'd
To this sole Image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous Hate.
And Geraldine again turn'd round,
She seem'd
Thus she stood
Thus, in dizzy Trance
Struck
That look askance
With forc'd unconscious Sympathy

Full before her Father's view —
As far as such a Look could be
In Eyes so innocent and blue.'

But when the Trance was o'er, the Maid
Paus'd awhile and inly pray'd,
Then falling at her Father's Feet,
"By thy Mother's Soul do I intreat
"That Thou this Woman send away!'
She said; and more she could not say,
For what she knew, she could not tell
O'ermaster'd by the mighty Spell.

Why is Thy Cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline,? Thy only Child
Lies at Thy Feet, Thy Joy, Thy Pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom Thy Lady died!
O by the Pangs of her dear Mother,
Think Thou no evil of Thy Child!

For her and Thee and for no other
She pray'd the moment, ere she died;
Pray'd, that the Babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear Lord's Joy & Pride!
That Prayer her deadly Pangs beguil'd,
Sir Leoline!
And would'st Thou wrong thy only child,
Her Child & Thine!

Within the Baron's Heart & Brain
If Thoughts, like these, had any Share,
They only swell'd his Rage & Pain
And did not work Confusion there.
His Heart was cleft with Pain & Rage,
His Cheeks they quivered, his Eyes were wild,
Dishonour'd thus in his old Age,
Dishonour'd by his only Child,
And all his Hospitality
To th' insulted Daughter of his Friend
By more than Woman's Jealousy

Brought thus to a disgraceful End—
He roll'd his Eye with stern Regard
Upon the gentle Minstrel Bard
And said in Tones abrupt, austere—
Why, Bracy! dost thou tarry here?
I bade thee hence! The Bard obey'd;
And turning from his own sweet Maid
The aged Knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the Lady Geraldine.'

CHRISTABEL

I

THE MSS. OF CHRISTABEL

THREE of these MSS. have passed through my hands. There are, or were, at least five MSS. of *Christabel*. The earliest, which belonged to Wordsworth, is partly in Coleridge's handwriting, and partly in that of Mary Hutchinson (afterwards Mrs. Wordsworth). The conjectural date of this MS., now in the possession of the poet's grandson, Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, is April—October, 1800. Later in the same year, or, perhaps, in 1801, Coleridge made a copy of the First Part (or Book), the Conclusion to the First Book, and the Second Book, and presented it to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sarah Hutchinson. A facsimile of this MS., now in the possession of Miss Edith Coleridge, is included in this edition of *Christabel*. In 1801, or at some subsequent period (possibly not till 1815), Miss Hutchinson transcribed Coleridge's MS. The water-mark of the paper is 1801. Her transcription, now in the possession of Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, was sent to Lord Byron in October, 1815. It is possible that this transcription was the 'copy' of the First Edition published in 1816; but, if so, Coleridge altered the text whilst the poem was passing through the press.

The existence of two other MSS. rests on the authority of John Payne Collier. (See *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*. By S. T. Coleridge, 1856, pp. xxxix–xliii.) The first, which remained in his possession for many years but was afterwards claimed by Hazlitt, was a copy in the handwriting of Sarah Stoddart (afterwards Mrs. Hazlitt). J. P. Collier notes certain differences in the text between this MS., which he calls the 'Salisbury Copy', and the text of the First Edition. The same variants occur in the three MSS. which have come under my notice, and it may be presumed that Miss Stoddart copied the MS. given to Sarah Hutchinson, or an earlier draft of the same MS.

He goes on to say that before *Christabel* was published Coleridge lent him an MS. in his own handwriting, and he gives two or three readings from the second MS. which differ from the text of the 'Salisbury Copy' and from the text of those MSS. which have been placed in my hands.

The copy of the First Edition of *Christabel* presented to David Hinves, November 11, 1816, which Coleridge had already corrected with a view to the completion and publication of his poems as a whole, is now in the possession of Mr. John Murray. The emendations and additions inscribed on the margin of the volume were included in the collected edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, published by William Pickering in 1828. The editions of 1829 and 1834 closely followed the edition of 1828, but in 1834 there was, in one particular instance (Part I, ll. 6–10), a reversion to the text of the First Edition. I have chosen the text of 1834 as the standard text of *Christabel* in preference to that of 1829, adopted by Mr. Dykes Campbell in his great edition of the *Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* issued in 1893, because, although it is true that the edition of 1834 "was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of its earliest editor, H. N. Coleridge" (Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, in Preface to the one-volume edition of 1852), there is documentary proof that Coleridge did, in at least one instance (*The Destiny of Nations*, ll. 1–5), alter the text of 1829, and it is probable that he was consulted with regard to the text of so important a poem as *Christabel*. The 'arrangement' of the edition of 1834 was, no doubt, the handiwork of H. N. Coleridge.

ABBREVIATIONS

1. The Wordsworth MS., partly in Coleridge's, and partly in Mary Hutchinson's handwriting = MS. W.
2. The Salisbury MS., copied by Sarah Stoddart = S. T. C. (a).
3. MS. lent by Coleridge to Payne Collier = S. T. C. (b).
4. Autograph MS. in possession of Miss Edith Coleridge, now reproduced = S. T. C. (c).
5. Transcription made by Miss Sarah Hutchinson = S. H.
6. Corrections made by S. T. C. in copy presented to David Hinves = H. 1816.

PREFACE

THE first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797,[i] at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800,[ii] at Keswick, Cumberland.[iii] It is probable that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's

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[i] *The year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven.* First Edition. Editions 1828, 1829.

[ii] *The year one thousand eight hundred.* First Edition. Editions 1828, 1829.

[iii] *Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year.* First Edition. Editions 1828, 1829: omitted in 1834.

tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets[1] whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel[i] version of two monkish Latin hexameters.[2]

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;
But an if this will not do;
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add that the metre of Christabel[3] is

[i] *doggrel.* Editions 1816, 1828, 1829.

[1] Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

[2] The 'Latin hexameters', "in the lame and limping metre of a barbarous Latin poet", ran thus:

"Est meum et est tuum, amice! at si amborum nequit esse,
Sit meum, amice, precor: quia certe sum magi' pauper."

It is interesting to note that Coleridge translated these lines in November 1801, before the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* had been begun, and twelve years before Byron published the first of his 'Turkish Tales'.

[3] Coleridge's assertion that the 'Metre of Christabel' is founded on 'a new principle' has greatly exercised his critics. The question is discussed by Dr. Schipper in his *Englische Metrik*, and by Mr. H. D. Bateson in an able monograph entitled *An Introduction to the Study of English Rhythms*, with an Essay on the Metre of Coleridge's *Christabel* (Reprinted for Private Circulation from the *Manchester Quarterly*): "Dr. Schipper," writes Mr. Bateson, "in dealing with the verse of four accents, distinguishes the *viertaktig* verse of four accents, framed after the model of the French *Vers Octosyllabe*, where the number of unaccented syllables is limited to four, or at most to five (as in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* and Byron's *Giaour*), from the *vierhebig* verse, also of four accents, but where the number of unaccented syllables is not limited to four as in 'Christabel'; and with regard to Mr. Coleridge's claims to have discovered a new principle, Dr. Schipper says (Part II, Book i, p. 245), 'This is just the principle both of the freely constituted four-foot verse (*viertaktig*) as used in old English poetry ... and of the four accented (*vierhebig*) iambic-anapaest or trochaic-dactylic new English long line, which is frequently

not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

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combined with it.... Burns' *Tam o'Shanter* is a conspicuous instance.... The claim raised by Coleridge to have discovered a new metrical principle, if he did mean this, is, therefore, in every respect unfounded. But it is quite conceivable that it came newly into vogue through him, and exercised a considerable influence on his contemporaries, and on the later poets, such as Byron, Scott, Moore, and others.'"

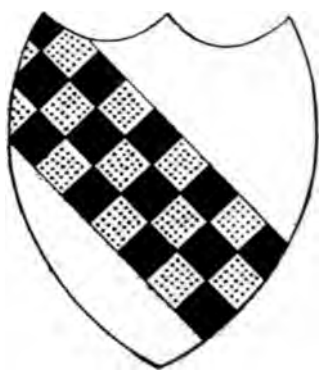
It is impossible to suppose that Coleridge believed, or imagined that his readers would believe, that the alternation of iambic with trochaic or anapaestic lines, or that the occasional variation in the number of syllables in lines of equal metrical accentuation constituted "a new principle" of verse. He could not have been under the delusion that Milton's *L'Allegro*, or Shakespeare's Songs, or Burns' *Tam o'Shanter*, were out of the reach of the public to which he appealed. His claim was that *Christabel* was the first poem in the English language composed on a deliberate principle of so varying the length of the *time* (and if need be, the number of syllables) as to make the tune of the words a kind of running accompaniment to the sense, and to do this without exceeding or falling short of four accents (or rather, suggestions of accentuation—a stronger compensating for a weaker stress) to the line. It was a fact that *Christabel* was the first of its kind, that *as a whole* it was not modelled on any immediate or remote predecessor, and it was a fact that it had already served as a model to more than one immediate successor. It marked a new departure in the art or science of metrification.

Mr. Bateson appends to his essay an elaborate and exhaustive analysis of the metre of *Christabel*. He sums up his analysis in the following sentences:—

"The normal rhythm is iambic, but an anapaest is admissible in any foot, a dactyl in the first, and a trochee in the first or third..."

"The metre is tetrameter acatalectic, that is there are four feet, and the last foot terminates the verse. There are only eleven instances of the dimeter and trimeter, and only twenty instances of hypercatalectic verses out of upwards of 670 lines."

"The 'ictus metricus' principally falls on the second and fourth accents in the line."



THE ARMS OF DE VAUX OF TRIERMAIN

CHRISTABEL

PART I[i]

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo![ii] [1]
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,[iii] [2]
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;

[i] *Book the First.* MS.W; S.T.C. (c); S.H. *Part the First.* 1828, 1829.
[ii] *Tu-u-whoo! Tu-u-whoo.* MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); S.H.
[iii] *Sir Leoline the Baron ~~bold~~*
Hath a toothless mastiff old. H. 1816.

[1] Compare Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v, scene 2, song:—

"Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note."

In an early poem, 'Devonshire Roads,' 1790, Coleridge celebrates the 'boding songs' of 'scritch-owls', and in the *Ancient Mariner*, l. 536, "The owlet whoops to the wolf below." 'Night-birds' haunted the road between Stowey and Alfoxden. See Dorothy Wordsworth's 'Journal' for March 21, 1798. Compare, too, *Osorio*, Act. v. sc. 1. ll. 43, 44:—

"And the owl
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wak'd."

[2] According to Allsop (*Letters, Conversations*, &c., 1836, i. 206), Charles Lamb "advised Coleridge to alter the lines in *Christabel*:—

'Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Had a toothless mastiff bitch;'

into— 'Sir Leoline, the Baron round,
Had a toothless mastiff hound;'

but Coleridge, who has no alacrity in altering, changed this first termination to 'which', but still left in the other 'bitch'." It was true enough that for some reason, good or bad, to preserve the *ordonnance* of the verse, or to satisfy

From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;[1]
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.[2]
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.[3]

Sir Leoline the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She makes answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, moonshine or shower.
MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); S.H.; First Ed.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower. H. 1816; 1828; 1829.
——*by shine or shower.* H. 1816.

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the scruples of an 'honoured friend', Coleridge altered lines 7 and 9 in 1816, and embodied the alterations when he reprinted *Christabel* in 1828, and that he did not alter lines 149–53, but left in 'the other bitch'. But whether Allsop knew that Lamb was poking fun at him, or discerned what Lamb really meant, is and must remain non-proven.

[1] "The manufacturer's dog makes a strange, uncouth howl, which it continues many minutes after there is no noise near it but that of the brook. It howls at the murmur of the village stream." D.W., Jan. 27, 1798. The dog belonged to a Mr. Willmott, who lived at Woodlands, a 'cottage of gentility' half-way between Stowey and Holford Wood.

[2] "A cold and clear evening." D.W., Feb. 6. "The night cloudy but not dark." D.W., March 25.

[3] "The sky spread over with one continuous cloud, whitened by the light

The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.[1]

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothéd knight;[i]
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,[ii]

[i] *Dreams, that made her moan and leap,*
As on her bed she lay in sleep. First Edition. Not in any MS. Erased, H. 1816.

[ii] *The breezes they were whispering low.* S.T.C. (a).
The breezes they were still also. MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Ed. As in text, H. 1816.

of the moon." D.W., Jan. 25. "The sky flat, . . . a white thin cloud." D.W., Feb. 27. Compare Wordsworth's 'Night-Piece' (1798), lines 1–7:—

—"The sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—"

Jan. 27. "When we left home the moon immensely large, the sky scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her." D.W., Jan. 31.

"Behind the thin
Grey cloud that cover'd but not hid the sky
The round full moon look'd small."
S.T.C. Gutch Memorandum Book, p. 39.

[1] "The spring continues to advance very slowly, no green trees, the hedges leafless." D.W., March 24. "Little Daisy—very late spring, March." S.T.C. Gutch Mem. Bk., p. 1.

And naught[i] was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest misletoe:[ii] [1]
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,[iii]
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,[iv]
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,[v]
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak? [2]
There is not wind enough in the air[vi]
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—

[i] *nought.* First Edition. *naught.* H. 1816.
[ii] *But the moss and misletoe.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
[iii] *She knelt* etc. MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
[iv] *The lady leaps up suddenly.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H. First Edition. As in text, H. 1816.
[v] *It moan'd as near, as near could be.* H. 1816.
[vi] Lines 45–7 are not in MS.W.

[1] 'The bright green moss was bare at the roots of the trees.' D.W., Feb. 17.

[2] In a note to the *Siege of Corinth* (pub. Feb. 7, 1816) Byron acknowledges "a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines (ll. 521–32) to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called *Christabel*". He had already, in a letter dated Oct. 27, 1815, explained to Coleridge that the lines in the *Siege of Corinth* were written before he had heard 'Mr. S.' [Sir Walter Scott] repeat *Christabel* in the preceding June. The resemblance is unquestionable, but Byron's plagiarism ("Was it the wind through some hollow stone Sent that soft and tender moan?" &c.) may have been at the immediate expense of Southey (compare *Thalaba*, v. 20, "What sound is borne on the wind? Is it the storm that shakes The thousand oaks of the forest?"); or of Scott (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xii. 11, 12, "Is it the wind, that swings the oaks? Is it the echo from the rocks?" &c.); or he may have heard and forgotten some chance recitation of a specimen of the then unpublished but not unquoted *Christabel*. See *Byron's Works*, Poetry, 1900, iii. pp. 471–2.

There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,[1]
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.[i]
Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria,[ii] shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,[iii]
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,

i — *looks out at the sky.* MS.W.; S.H.

ii *Jesu Maria.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

iii *What sees she there?*
A damsel bright
Clad in a silken robe of white,
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels were tumbled in her hair.
I guess, &c. MS.W.
There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white;
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels were tumbled in her hair.
I guess, &c. S.T.C. (a); S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.
And the jewels were tangled in her hair. S.T.C. (b).
And the jewels disordered in her hair. First Edition.

[Note in the Hinves Copy (Nov. 1816), lines 60–65 are inserted (by S.T.C.) in the margin, and the two lines 'Her neck, &c.—her hair', are erased. This addition was included in the editions of 1828, 1829, 1834, &c.]

1 'One only leaf upon the top of a tree — the sole remaining leaf — danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind.' D.W., March 7, 1798.

And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.[1]
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly![2]

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:[i]
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?[ii]
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine;
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,[iii]
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:

---

i *I cannot speak for weariness.* H. 1816.

ii *Alas! But say, how cam'st thou here?*
And the lady whose voice was faint and sweet. H. 1816.
[Line 76 was to be printed as a paragraph by itself.]

iii *Five ruffians seized me yestermorn.*
Me, even me, a maid forlorn;
They chok'd my cries with wicked might.
MS.W.; S.T.C.(a); S.T.C.(c); S.H.
Five warriors seized me yestermorn. S.T.C.(b).

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[1] Compare—"Her neck and arms were uncovered; in her hand she bore a golden wand; her hair was loose, and flowed wildly upon her shoulders; her eyes sparkled with a terrific expression." *Ambrosio, or The Monk, a Romance*, by M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P., 1798, ii. 272.

[2] Compare Byron's *Don Juan*, canto vi, stanza xxxvi, lines 2, 3:—
"a damsel fair,
And fresh, and 'beautiful exceedingly'."

They choked my cries with force and fright,[i]
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.[ii]
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;[1]

[i] [Lines 82, 83, 84½ are erased in H. 1816. Lines 81–84, 89, 90, which Scott prefixed as a motto to chapter xi of *The Black Dwarf* (1818), run thus :—

"Three ruffians seized me yestermorn,
Alas! a maiden most forlorn;
They choked my cries with wicked might,
And bound me on a palfrey white;
As sure as Heaven shall pity me,
I cannot tell what men they be." *Christabel.*

The motto to chapter xxiv of *The Betrothed* (1825) is slightly different :—

"Four Ruffians seized me yestermorn—
Alas! a maiden most forlorn!
They choked my cries with wicked might
And bound me on a palfrey white." COLERIDGE.

[ii] *And twice we crossed the shade of night.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

[1] In October, 1802, Dr. (afterwards Sir) John Stoddart visited Walter Scott at Lasswade, and recited to him, or, more probably, read from an MS. copy, Coleridge's *Christabel.* Thirteen years later, in June 1815, Scott recited *Christabel* to Byron in a room at Murray's house in Albemarle Street, and in 1818, still trusting to his memory of Stoddart's recitation, he prefixed lines 81–84 and 89, 90 as a motto to chapter xi of *The Black Dwarf.* It must have been the MS. which Stoddart took with him to Scotland, or rather a copy of that MS. made by his sister, Sarah Stoddart (afterwards Mrs. Hazlitt), which Hazlitt gave to Payne Collier 'soon after he married', took back again into his own possession, and returned to Collier shortly before his death. Again, in a note to *The Abbot* (pub. 1820) Scott quotes twenty-two lines of *Christabel* with only accidental variations; and, finally, as a heading to chapter xxiv of *The Betrothed* (pub. 1825), he again quotes lines 81–4, and, again, with fresh variants, follows the Stoddart MS., and not the printed version which had been given to the world nine years before.

Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)[i]
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.

Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore[ii] they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command[iii]
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

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[i] *For I have lain in fits, I wis.*
MS.W.; S.T.C. (a); S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Ed.
For I have lain entranced I wis. S.T.C. (b); H. 1816.

[ii] *They swore—* MS.W.

[iii] *Saying, that she should command*
The service of Sir Leoline;
And straight be convoy'd, free from thrall,
Back to her noble father's hall. MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Ed.

[In the Hinves Copy, lines 106–11 of the text are substituted for the above, but l. 106 is not in Coleridge's handwriting. The reading of the text was first adopted in 1828.]

She rose: and forth with steps they passed[1]
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;

---

[1] *So up she rose, and forth they pass'd*
With hurrying steps, yet nothing fast;
Her lucky stars the lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said—
All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not awaken'd be;
So to my room we'll creep in stealth,
And you to-night must sleep with me.
MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.

Lines 3-6, "*Her lucky stars*"—"*bed*". S.T.C. (a).
And may not well awakened be. First Edition.
Her smiling stars the lady blest
And thus bespake sweet Christabel:
All our household is at rest
The hall as silent as a cell. S.T.C. (b).

[In the Hinves Copy lines 112-22 of the text are inserted in Coleridge's handwriting. Line 113 reads—"yet were not fast." Line 122 reads—"share your bed with me." In 1828 lines 117-21 were added to the text; and "Her gracious stars" substituted for "Her lucky stars."—S.T.C. (b) is the sole authority for "Her smiling stars," and for "*a* cell."]

A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,[1]
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:[2]
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried[i]
To the Lady by her side;

[i] *And Christabel she sweetly cried.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

[1] Compare—"A Gothic gate richly ornamented with fretwork—A gate which is heavy with ironwork." *The Romance of the Forest*, by Ann Radcliffe, 1791, pp. 37, 45.

[2] Compare—"'Reverend Father,' replied Magdalen, 'hast thou never heard that there are spirits powerful to rend the walls of a castle asunder when once admitted which yet cannot enter the house unless they are invited, nay dragged over the threshold?'"

"... But the most picturesque use of this popular belief [that evil spirits cannot cross a threshold] occurs in Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of *Christabel*. Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

'To call him up, who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold?'

The verses I refer to are when Christabel conducts into her father's castle a mysterious and malevolent being, under the guise of a distressed female stranger.

'They cross'd the moat,' &c.—lines 123-44."

The Abbot, chapter xv and note.

"Because no demon could without aid pass the holy emblem over the lintel. There is a profound moral in this popular superstition. The devil cannot come into a house unless you bring him in yourself." *The Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, edited by R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D., 1898, p. 289.

Praise we the Virgin all divine[i]
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel,[ii] the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep,[iii] in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,[iv]
And nothing else saw she thereby,[v]
Save the boss of the shield[1] of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.

i *O praise the Virgin all divine.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
ii *Beside her kennel.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
iii *Was stretch'd asleep.* H. 1816. (Not in S.T.C.'s handwriting.)
iv S.T.C. (a) omits line 160.
v *And nothing else she saw thereby.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

[1] The arms of Vaux of Triermain were, Argent, a bend [dexter] chequey, or and gules. See Sir Walter Scott's note to the *Bridal of Triermain*, c. II. st. i.

O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,[i]
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath![ii]
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down[iii]
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,[1]
Carved with figures strange and sweet,

---

i *Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,*
And they are creeping up the stairs;
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom.
MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.
Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair. Ed. 1828.

ii *With stifled breath, as still as Death.*
H. 1816. (Not in S.T.C.'s handwriting.)

iii *And now they with their feet press down*
The rushes of her chamber floor.
MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.
And now with eager feet press down.
First Edition. H. 1816. (Not in S.T.C.'s handwriting.)

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[1] Compare the following stage direction in *The Castle Spectre*, Act III, Scene iii: "ALICE [*having opened the folding doors, an Oratory is seen, richly ornamented with carving and painted glass—*]."

All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine![i]
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.[ii]

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

---

i *I pray you drink this spicy wine.*
MS.W.; S.T.C. (a); S.T.C. (c); S.H.

ii *Nay drink it up I pray you do,*
Believe me it will comfort you.
MS.W.; S.T.C. (a); S.T.C. (c); S.H. The omission was made in the First Edition.

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine![1]
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,[1]
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—[2]
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now![ii]

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.[iii]

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[1] MS.W. omits lines 205-10, 212.

[ii] *And faintly said I'm better now.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (a); S.T.C. (c); S.H.
—— *'Tis over now.* First Edition.

[iii] *Like a lady of a fair countrée.* MS.W.

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[1] Compare *The Castle Spectre*, Act II, Scene i: "Above all, they say that the spirit of the late Countess sits nightly in her Oratory, and sings her baby to sleep."

[2] Compare—"O'ertortured by that ghastly ride." Byron's *Maseppa*, l. 549.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,[i]
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—[ii][1]

[i] Lines 227–36 are erased in H. 1816.

[ii] After line 252—*Are lean and old and foul of hue.*
MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

[1] "The manuscript runs thus, or nearly thus:—
'Behold her bosom and half her side,
Hidden, deformed and pale of hue.'

A sight to dream of, not to tell![1]
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel![i]
Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers![2]

---

i *And she is to sleep with Christabel.* MS.W.

And she is to sleep by Christabel. S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.

~~*And must she sleep with Christabel.*~~ H. 1816. Erased.

And must she sleep by Christabel. H. 1816.

~~*And she is alone with Christabel.*~~
H. 1816. Erased. (Not in S.T.C.'s handwriting.)

O shield her, shield sweet Christabel—
H. 1816. (Not in S.T.C.'s handwriting.)

This line is necessary to make common sense of the first and second part. "It is the key stone that makes up the arch." For that reason Mr. C. left it out. Now this is a greater psychological curiosity than even the fragment of Kubla Khan.

. . . . . .

"There is something disgusting at the bottom of his subject which is but ill glossed over by a veil of Della Cruscan sentiment and fine writing, like moonbeams playing on a charnel-house, or flowers strewed on a dead body." *Examiner*, June 2, 1816.

The fact that Hazlitt's wife, born Sarah Stoddart, made a copy of *Christabel*, and that this copy was for many years in Hazlitt's possession, suggests, if it does not reveal, the source of this private information. It is, of course, probable that Leigh Hunt added some finishing touches to the *miching mallecho*. Both editor and reviewer must have known perfectly well that the omission of the line had nothing whatever to do with delicacy or indelicacy, and that its retention would have removed the remotest possibility of there being "anything disgusting at the bottom of the subject". It was left out on the principle of '*omne ignotum pro* MYSTERIO'. Hence the effect of this passage on Shelley. "Towards midnight on the 18th of July [1816] Byron recited the lines in *Christabel* about the lady's breast; when Shelley suddenly started up, shrieked and fled from the room. He had seen a vision of a woman with eyes instead of nipples." *Shelley*, by J. A. Symonds, 1878, pp. 90, 91.

[1] Compare—"It was a thing to see, not hear." Byron's *Parisina*, line 339.

[2] There are indications that the Geraldine of the First Part of the poem was at the mercy of some malign influence not herself, and that her melting mood was partly genuine. She is 'stricken' with horror at her unwelcome task, because she cannot at first overcome the temptation to do right. She was in a strait between contending powers of good and evil.

Deep from within she seems half-way[i]
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,[ii]
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in

---

[i] Lines 255-62, which were first included in the edition of 1828, are inscribed in H. 1816, but not by S.T.C.

[ii] *She took two paces and a stride,*
And lay down by the maiden's side
And in her arms the maid she took.
Ah wel-a-day!
And with sad voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of my Bosom there worketh a spell
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
The mark of my shame, the seal of my sorrow.
MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); S.H.

She took two paces and a stride.
. . . . . .
Ah wel-a-day! First Edition.

She gaz'd upon the maid, ~~she sigh'd~~,
~~She took two paces and a stride~~,
Then
~~And lay down by the maiden's side.~~ H. 1816.

Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,[i]
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.[ii]

[i] *And didst bring her home with thee with love and with charity.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

[ii] *To shield her, and shelter her, and shelter far from the damp air.* MS.W.

NOTE.—ADDITIONS AND OMISSIONS.

(PART I.)

MS.W. numbers 257 lines. Lines 45–7:—

There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—

and lines 205–10, 212:—

" Off, wandering mother! peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
Though thou her guardian spirit be—

appear for the first time in S.T.C. (c), which numbers 266 lines.

The First Edition numbers 265 lines. The lines—

Dreams that made her moan and leap,
As on her bed she lay in sleep—

were inserted, and the lines—

Nay drink it up, I pray you do!
Believe me it will comfort you—

and the line—

Are lean and old and foul of hue.

were omitted.

The Edition of 1828 (and all subsequent editions) numbers 278 lines. The two lines—"Dreams that made her moan and leap, As on her bed she lay in sleep," were omitted and the following fifteen lines were inserted:—

Lines 60, 61, 63, 64—

That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
The blue-veined feet un-sandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there.

Lines 109-10—

Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free

117— *The hall as silent as the cell*

121— *And I beseech your courtesy*

167— *And jealous of the listening air*

257-62— *Deep from within she seems half-way*
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride
And lay down by the maiden's side!—

Note that these fifteen lines, all but line 167, "And jealous of the listening air," are inscribed in the copy of the First Edition which Coleridge gave to David Hinves, November 11, 1816, and were probably composed in 1816.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I[1]

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jaggéd shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,[1]
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)[2]
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

---

[1] *The Conclusion of Book the First.* MS.W.
The Conclusion to Book the First. S.T.C. (c); S.H.

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[1] Compare:—

"E smarrisce il bel volto in un colore,
Che non è pallidezza, ma candore."

Tasso, *G. Lib.* canto ii. st. 26.

The parallel passage is pointed out by J. M. B. in *Notes and Queries*, 1853, 1st Series, vii. 292.

[2] Compare:—

"Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream."

Byron's *Siege of Corinth*, lines 616–9.

Fearfully dreaming,[i] yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone which is[ii]—[1]
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt[iii] at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn[iv] and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids

[i] Here in MS.W. the handwriting changes. 'Dreaming' was written by S. T. C.: 'yet' by Mary Hutchinson.

[ii] The word 'is' is italicized in H. 1816.

[iii] *The lady that knelt.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; H. 1816.

[iv] *Tairn or Tarn (derived by Lye from the Icelandic* Tiorn, *stagnum, palus) is rendered in our dictionaries as synonymous with Mere or Lake; but it is properly a large Pool or Reservoir in the Mountains, commonly the Feeder of some Mere in the Valleys. Tarn Watling and Blellum Tarn, though on lower ground than other Tarns, are yet not exceptions, for both are on elevations, and Blellum Tarn feeds the Wynander Mere.* Note to S.T.C. (c).

[1] She was dreaming that she was in a witch's arms. Had she not seen a sight 'to dream of'?

Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light![1]

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,[2]
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free[i]
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That Saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all![3]

PART II[ii]

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:

[i] A query is attached to this line. H. 1816.
[ii] *Book the Second.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

[1] *Vide ante*, p. 18. [2] *Vide ante*, p. 19.
[3] "Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 contradictory contemplations, though with but one object in view—which will probably end in nothing, as most things we wish do. But never mind—as somebody says, 'for the blue sky bends over all.'" Byron to Moore, Jan. 5, 1816. *Letters of Lord Byron*, 1899, iii. 254. This, if we except the "Jesu, Maria, shield us well" of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, must have been one of the earliest quotations from *Christabel*.

These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the Sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.[i]

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And, let the drowsy Sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can,
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between!
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful[ii] sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,[iii]
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the[iv] knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.[v]

The air is still! through mist and cloud[vi]
That merry peal comes ringing loud;

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[i] Wyn'der-mere. MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.
[ii] *Three simple sextons' ghosts are pent.* MS.W.
[iii] A query is attached to this line. H. 1816.
[iv] *And oft too, by their knell offended.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
[v] *Borrodale* S.T.C.(c): *Borrowdale* MS.W.; S.H; First Edition; Ed. 1828; Ed. 1829: *Borodale* Ed. 1834.
[vi] *The air is still through many a cloud.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;[i]
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."
And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she, belike, hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep![1]
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.[2]
"Sure I have sinn'd!" said Christabel,
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet,

i *And rises lightly from her bed.* MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); S.H.
ii *Puts on her simple vestments white.* MS.W.

[1] Compare Wordsworth's sonnet 'To Sleep', lines 13, 14:—
"Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!"

[2] Compare Coleridge's *Genevieve*:—
"I've seen your breast with pity heave."
and *Love*, l. 81:—
"Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside."
and Byron's *Siege of Corinth*, l. 614:—
"And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell."

With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the Cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her Sire, Sir Leoline.
The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;[1]
But whispering tongues can poison truth;

[1] Compare *Childe Harold*, canto III, stanza xciv, lines 1–4 :—

"Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted

And Constancy lives in realms above;
And Life is thorny; and Youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted [i]—ne'er to meet again!
But [ii] never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,[iii]
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.[1]

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:

In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted."

Byron prefixed lines 408–13, 419–26 as a motto to 'Fare Thee Well' when he republished it in *Poems*, 1816.

[i] *And parted ne'er to meet again.* MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); S.H.

[ii] *And never either found another.* MS.W.

[iii] *But neither frost nor heat nor thunder*
Can wholly do away, I ween,— S.T.C. to T. Poole, Jan. 1813.

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[1] It has been pointed out that neither *heat* nor *thunder*, but only *frost* could materially affect the sundered rocks. *Cedat Geologia*, as Coleridge might have pleaded, if he had been confronted with the objection. The imagery of the opposing cliffs divided by a 'dreary sea' may have been derived from memories of the Avon at Clifton, or of the Wye below Chepstow. It was at Chepstow in 1795 that a discussion arose between Coleridge and Southey with regard to Pantisocracy, and Coleridge was 'greatly agitated, even to tears'.

And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
"And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney[i] court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!"
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain![ii]
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—

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i *My Tournay Court.* MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); First Edition.

ii *The vision foul of fear and Pain.*
MS.W.; S.T.C.(a); S.T.C.(c); S.H.
The vision of fear, the touch of pain. S.T.C.(b).

(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,[1]
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!
With new surprise,
"What ails then my belovéd child?"
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

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1 *The pang, the sight was passed away.* S.T.C. (a).
The pang, the sight, had passed away.
MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.

"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,[i]
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.

"And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,[1]
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.[2]

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful[ii] daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array

[i] Line 490 is omitted in MS.W.

[ii] *Thy beauteous daughter is safe and free.* MS.W.

[1] *Vide ante*, p. 26.

[2] Probably Spadeadam Waste, to the north-east of Triermain, which stretches as far as the border.

And take[i] thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;[ii]
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing;—
"Thy words, thou Sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.

[i] *And fetch thy lovely daughter home.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
[ii] *Many a Summer's suns have shone.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.

Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

"And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,[1]
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—

[1] Compare—"The high road being here open and spacious . . . I observed a large hawk on the ground in the middle of the road: he seemed to be in distress endeavouring to rise; when coming up near him, I found him closely bound up by a very long coach-whip snake, that had wreathed himself several times round the hawk's body, who had but one of his wings at liberty. . . . I suppose the hawk had been the aggressor . . . and that the snake dexterously and luckily threw himself in coils round his body." *Travels through North and South Carolina*, &c., by W. Bartram, 1794, pp. 216-17.

For Coleridge's acquaintance with Bartram's *Travels* see "Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the American Botanist William Bartram: a lecture by Ernest Hartley Coleridge", *Transactions* R.S.L. (1906), vol. xxvii.

It seems[i] to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter[ii] there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy Sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,[1]
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,

i *It seem'd to live upon my eye.* MS.W. S.T.C. (c).
ii *Lest aught unholy wander there.* MS.W.

[1] Compare—"Breathless with fear, I listened while she repeated my own expressions. The apparition seated herself opposite to me at the foot of the bed, and was silent. Her eyes were fixed earnestly on mine; they seemed endowed

Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a[i] hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly[ii] on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind;
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!

i *Shuddered aloud with hissing sound.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.
ii *Wildly o'er Sir Leoline.* MS.W.

with the property of the rattlesnake's, for I strove in vain to look off her. My eyes were fascinated, and I had not the power of withdrawing them from the spectre's." *Ambrosio, or The Monk*, by M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P., 1798, ii. 62.

Compare, too, Byron's *Don Juan*, canto v, stanza xc, lines 4-8:—

—"it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fixed their eyes on."

And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid[i]
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,[ii]
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.[iii]

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O, by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!

---

i *But when the trance was o'er, the maid.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition.

ii *Then falling at her father's feet.* MS.W.; S.T.C. (c); S.H.; First Edition; Ed. 1828.

iii *O'er mastered by that mighty spell.* MS.W.

And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but[i] work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild;
Dishonoured thus in his old age,
Dishonoured by his only child;—
And all his hospitality
To the wronged[ii] daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end:—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

---

i *And did not work confusion there.* MS.W.

ii *To the insulted daughter of his friend.*
MS.W.; S.T.C.(c); S.H.; First Edition; Ed. 1828; Ed. 1829.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II[i]

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,—
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds,[ii] and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight[iii]
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess[iv]
With[v] words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm:
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity!
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do?

---

[i] Not in any of the MSS. or in S.H. For the first manuscript Version, see letter to Southey, May 6, 1801.

[ii] 'Finds' and 'seeks' are italicized in letter.

[iii] *Doth make a vision to the sight*
Which fills a father's eyes with light. Letter to Southey.

[iv] In H. 1816 there is a direction (not in S.T.C.'s handwriting) to print line 664 as two lines.

[v] *In words of wrong and bitterness.* Letter to Southey.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF *CHRISTABEL*

I. *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1816. Vol. lxxxvi, p. 242.

[On Lord Byron's Note to the *Siege of Corinth*, in which he defends himself from a possible charge of plagiarism from *Christabel*.]

II. *The Monthly Literary Advertiser*, May, 1816. p. 34.

Printed for John Murray, 50 Albemarle Street.

I. Coleridge's Christabel, *8vo*. *4s. 6d. sewed.*

Christabel: etc.—By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

'That wild and singularly original and beautiful poem.'—

LORD BYRON.

III. *The Champion*, May 26, 1816.

'One friend suggests that the whole is a mere hoax. . . . Another thinks it is the result of a wager on the digestive capabilities of the public taste; and a third declares that the poem has just the same effect on his temper as if a man were to salute him in the street with a box on the ear and walk away.'

IV. *Critical Review*, May, 1816. S. v., vol. iii, pp. 504–10.

'We apprehend that the most fastidious would find much more to praise than to blame in this newly-published effort. . . . Nothing can be better contrasted than Christabel and Geraldine—both exquisite, but both different; the first all innocence, mildness, and grace, the last all dignity, grandeur, and majesty; . . . the one the gentle soul-delighting Una, the other the seeming fair but infamous Duessa.'

V. *The Examiner*, June 2, 1816. No. 440.

[For quotations from this review *vide ante*, p. 71.]

VI. *The Champion*, June 9, 1816. [Review of James Hogg's *Mador of the Moor*.]

'We have now, however, poets that forcibly set before us the genius of "olden times". The names of Wordsworth, Moore, Byron, Coleridge (notwithstanding his indolence and *Christabel*), whose "Souls are like the stars that dwell apart", will throw their light into the bosom of after-ages.'

[NOTE.—John Scott, the Editor of *The Champion*, was on terms of friendly correspondence with Wordsworth.]

VII. *Eclectic Review*, June, 1816. N. S., vol. v, pp. 565–72.

'Our curiosity to see this long-hoarded treasure was proportionate to the pre-eminent abilities of which its author is known by his friends, we cannot say to have the command, but to sustain the responsibility. . . . We cannot conceal that the effect of the present publication upon readers in general will be that of disappointment. . . .

'Yet we are mistaken if this fragment, such as it is, will not be found to take faster hold of the mind than many a poem six cantos long.'

VIII. *The Anti-Jacobin Review*, July, 1816. Vol. I, pp. 632–6.

'Had we not known Mr. Coleridge to be a man of genius and of talents we should really, from the present production, have been tempted to pronounce him wholly destitute of both: Mr. Coleridge might have spared himself the trouble of anticipating the charge "of plagiarism or servile imitation"—it is a perfectly original composition, and the like of it is not to be found in the English language.'

IX. *The British Review*, August, 1816. Vol. 8, pp. 64–81.

'Mr. Coleridge is one of those poets who if we give him an inch will be sure to take an ell: if we consent to swallow an elf or fairy, we are soon expected not to strain at a witch; and if we open our throats to this imposition upon our good nature,

we must gulp down broom-stick and all. . . . We should not be much surprised if the object of the poet was to make fools of the public, . . . and if it was really published on the *first* "of the month before the month of May," we cannot altogether disapprove of the pleasantry.'

X. *The Edinburgh Review*, September, 1816. Art. 11, vol. xxvii, pp. 58–67.

'Upon the whole we look upon this publication as one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty. . . . It is impossible, however, to dismiss it, without a remark or two. The other productions of the Lake School have generally exhibited talents thrown away upon subjects so mean, that no power of genius could ennoble them; or perverted and rendered useless by a false theory of poetical composition. But even in the worst of them, if we except the White Doe of Mr. Wordsworth and some of the laureate Odes, there were always some gleams of feeling or of fancy. But the thing now before us is utterly destitute of value. It exhibits from beginning to end not a ray of genius; and we defy any man to point out a passage of poetical merit in any of the three pieces which it contains, except, perhaps, the following lines in p. 32, and even these are not very brilliant; nor is the leading thought original—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth," etc.

With this one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn. Must we then be doomed to hear such a mixture of raving and driv'ling, extolled as the work of a "*wild and original*" genius, simply because Mr. Coleridge has now and then written fine verses, and a brother poet chooses, in his milder mood, to laud him from courtesy or from interest? And are such panegyrics to be echoed by the mean tools of a political faction, because they relate to one whose daily prose is understood to be dedicated to the support of all that courtiers think should be supported?'

XI. *The European Magazine*, November, 1816. Vol. 70, pp. 434–7.

'The poem is not heroic, neither is there anything of Dryden or Goldsmith in its composition: little also (though what it does contain includes the *worst* part of both) either of Scott or Southey. It is, as Lord Byron says of it, "*wildly original*": his lordship might have said of it, in some places, "incoherently unintelligible". . . . It has been observed that *Christabel* is not so censurable in itself as it is in consideration of the source from which it sprang. We must honestly confess we do not understand this. . . .

'In fine *Christabel* is a composition which may be read often, and in every instance with increase of pleasure. . . . The ideas and incidents are for the most part natural and affecting; the language and versification sweet, simple and appropriate. In our opinion it carries with it the peculiarity of Sterne's writings,—it is hard of imitation; the attempt published in the *Poetic Mirror* [by James Hogg] is a burlesque . . . we here allude to the "Isabelle" of that volume.'

XII. *Monthly Review*, January, 1817. Vol. lxxxii, pp. 22–5.

'We shall give the public one opportunity of judging of this extravagant but not ingenious production:—

> "Yea! she *doth smile* and she doth weep—
> For the blue sky bends over all."

This precious production is not finished, but we are to have more and more of it in future! It would be truly astonishing that such rude unfashioned stuff should be tolerated, and still more that it should be praised by men of genius (witness Lord Byron, and some others), were we not convinced that every principle of correct writing as far as poetry is concerned, has been long *given up*: and that the observance rather than the breach of such rules is considered as an incontrovertible proof of rank stupidity. It is grand, in a word it is sublime, to be lawless; and whoever writes the wildest nonsense in the quickest and newest manner is the popular poet of the day.'

APPENDIX II

PARODIES AND CONTINUATIONS OF *CHRISTABEL*

I. *Christobell, A Gothic Tale. The European Magazine and London Review.* April, 1815.

II. *Christabess, by S. T. Colebritche, Esq., a right woeful Poem, translated from the Doggerel by Sir Vinegar Sponge.* 8°. 1816.

III. *Isabelle.* [By James Hogg.] *Poetic Mirror.* London, 1817, pp. 215–22.

IV. Introduction to Part III of *Christabel.* By William Maginn. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,* June, 1819.

V. *A Parody of Christabelle. The Baron Rich.* '*The Dejeuné,* or Companion for the Breakfast Table,' Monday, November 6, 1820.

VI. THE DREAM, *A Psychological Curiosity.* By S. T. C. By W. F. Deacon. *Warreniana.* Longmans & Co. 1824.

VII. *Geraldine,* A Sequel to Coleridge's Christabel. By Martin Farquhar Tupper. London, Joseph Rickerby. 1838.

VIII. *Christabel, continued from Coleridge.* By Eliza Stewart. *Smallwood's Magazine,* June, 1841.

NOTE.—For the text of these Parodies see *Parodies,* &c. Collected and Annotated by Walter Hamilton. 1888. Vol. v, pp. 127–35.

APPENDIX III

[*European Magazine*, April 1815, vol. 67, pp. 345-46.]

*CHRISTOBELL. A GOTHIC TALE**[1]

WHENCE comes the wavering light which falls
On Langdale's lonely chapel-walls?

* Written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter.

[1] *Christobell. A Gothic Tale* was published in the *European Magazine*, April, 1815, more than a year before the authentic *Christabel* issued from the press. It is signed "V." "V" was a frequent contributor of feeble and imitative ballad-poems ("The Bridal Eve," "Lomond's Isle," "The Warden of Carlisle," &c.) to the *European Magazine*, in 1815, 1816, but his identity is a puzzle which awaits solution. Inquiry was made in *Notes and Queries* (*1st Series*, 1853, vii. 292, and *1st Series*, 1854, ix. 529), but there was no reply. Whoever "V" may have been he must have possessed or have borrowed a MS. of *Christabel*. The author of "Reminiscences of Coleridge", which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1834 (no. lviii. vol. x, pp. 379-403), who unearthed the lines from the *European Magazine*, and republished them in *Fraser*, in a second article (Jan. 1835), maintains that the "Gothic Tale" was written by Coleridge and published anonymously that it might 'be easily suppressed' if and when a 'better solution' should be vouchsafed to him. He argues that in the *Biographia Literaria* (1817, ii. 3) Coleridge himself spells 'Christabel' 'Christobel', but admits that in the "Gothic Tale", 'Geraldine' rhymes with 'mien', &c., and not as in *Christabel* with 'divine'. He is responsible for the following anecdote:—"A friend of ours in company with a gentleman paid a visit to Coleridge to get at the facts relative to this Conclusion. 'By the bye', answered Coleridge, 'that is a curious circumstance—I'll tell you all about it,' and then digressed into some other topic, upon which he discoursed so fascinatingly that both himself and the questioner forgot the purport of their visit and came away without the solution which they came to get." All that can be said is that "Christobell" (unlike other continuations) contains a few lines which Coleridge might have written, and very many which he could not have written with or without any 'consciousness of effort'. In an unpublished letter to Lord Byron, dated "Calne, Wilts, Easter Week", 1815 (W. M. March 30), he explains that his "growing vines had been gnawed down by asses, and his richest and rosiest clusters carried off and spoilt by the plundering fox." The April number of the *European Magazine*

The noble mother of Christobell
Lies in that lone and drear chapelle[1];
And ev'ry dawn, ere the sun has shone,
A tear and a flower are on that stone:
But the tear is dry, the flower is dead,
And the night-wind blows on her silent bed.

A stranger treads o'er the holy mound:
Thrice it hath breath'd a moaning sound!
He has lifted thrice his mighty wand;
He has touch'd the stone with his red right hand;
The light which round the chapel streams,
Bright on his beard of silver gleams;
But shines not on his muffled brow,
Which mortal eye must never know!

The noble mother of Christobell
Is wakened by the mighty spell;
She seems but as if a wizard's arms
Awhile had wrapp'd her in his cell;
As if his cold and earthy touch
Had blighted her beauteous lips too much.
But now returning beauty warms
Her lips and her kindling cheek so well,
She looks like the lovely Christobell.

---

could not have been *published*, or at any rate reached Calne, by March 30, but it is possible that Coleridge had received some intimation of what the forthcoming issue would contain. The metaphor must have been suggested by this anticipation of his unpublished *Christabel*. It was true that both Scott and Byron had visited and looked at his 'growing vines', but even Coleridge would hardly have backed up a plea for Byron's patronage by an insinuation that his patron-designate was a 'plundering fox'.

[1] The rare archaism 'chapelle' (in line 4) is to be found in 'Wat o' the Cleugh', James Hogg's parody of Scott, which he printed in his *Poetic Mirror*, 1817; and at least one passage in "The Gothic Tale" (*post*, p. 111. ll. 8–20) bears a close resemblance to some lines in *The Haunted Glen*. (See *The Poetical Works of the Ettrick Shepherd*, 1838, ii. 135.) It is possible that he who wrote *Isabelle* and that most beautiful of parodies, *The Cherub*, which Robert Browning once believed to be genuine, was the pseudonymous 'V' of the *European Magazine*.

'Lady, lady, who! who was she,
That met thy child by the old oak tree?
When not a breeze was heard to sigh,
And the yellow leaf waved not which hung so high?
She who told that men of blood
Lured her to the lonely wood?
She who slept by thy daughter's side,
While the grey dog moan'd and the owlet cried?
Is that lady, of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's true daughter Geraldine?'

The noble mother of Christobell
  Has open'd her dim and hollow eye,
And spirits are thronging from cave and dell
  To listen to her lips' reply:
'Merlin, Merlin! I know thee well!
  Though a minstrel's cloak is around thee flung,
  And a holy hood on thy brow is hung,
The dead and living obey thy spell.
  But not till the moon has passed away,
  And the bell has toll'd on her bridal day,
Thou wilt know the foe of Christobell.'
. . . . . .

The grey dog howls though the moon is bright—
Why sits the lady alone to-night?
Why comes she not at her father's call,
While the noble stranger is in his hall?
That stranger of soft and sober mien,
Sir Roland's fair daughter Geraldine.

But Christobell's brow is cold and damp
As she sits alone by her silver lamp—
That lamp for a maiden's spousal meet,
Which hangs from a smiling angel's feet.
But who comes near, with steps so light?
And why is her cheek so lily-white?

For, glist'ring in his mail of gold,
His azure scarf around him roll'd,
She sees her own true knight.

'Christobell, my task is done!
Christobell, my prize is won!
The stars are smiling, the moon is bright,
The bell of our spousal shall toll to-night!
She does not smile, she does not weep;
Her cheek is like the parting snow
When early roses bud below,
But scarce a blush of crimson keep:
Yet she has taken her lover's kiss,
And the touch of her melting hand is his.

But another eye is on her face,
Another form beside her stands—
That form so ghostly, lean, and tall,
Is it Bracy, the bard of Langdale Hall?
He has touch'd the lamp in its silver vase,
And it brighter burns than a thousand brands;
He calls on saints in their holy place
The spousal of Christobell to grace,
Then joins the plighted lovers' hands.

'Now follow me, Christobell, with speed!
I go at thy lordly father's call,
To strike the harp in his ancient hall,
But thou the mirthful dance shall lead;
Thy own true knight shall be near thy side,
And the matin-bell shall proclaim a bride.'

They follow; but whence is the taper's glare,
That leads them down the lonely stair?
They look his shadowy face upon—
They look, but his silver beard is gone:

His cloak is changed to an azure dye,
And a mirthful gleam is in his eye.
But Christobell's cheek is cold and pale,
For she sees not her lover's shining mail;
He seems but a stripling soft and young,
With a minstrel's harp behind him slung.

With mutter'd words of grammarye
The bard stalks foremost of the three;
At ev'ry soundless stride he takes,
The base of Langdale's mountain shakes;
The elf-dog starts as he passes by,
But closes again his shrinking eye;
The banner falls from the castle wall
As he strikes the porch of its blazing hall!

. . . . . .

Lord Leoline sat in chair of pride,
The white-armed stranger by his side—
O bright was the glance she gave to view,
When back her amaranth locks she threw!
It was like the moon's on the fountain brim
When the amber clouds around her skim;
The rubies that on her bosom flamed
Seem'd of her richer lips ashamed:
There never was lovely lady seen
Like the stranger-guest, fair Geraldine.

'Now welcome, welcome Bracy the Bard!
Welcome the rites of song to guard!
Sit and waken thy warbling string,
The legend of love and beauty sing.
Well hast thou sped since noontide's hour,
If thou comest from good Sir Roland's tower.
'Sir Roland greets thee, Lord Leoline!
He greets thee first for his Geraldine:

His heart thy bounty and love receives,
Like dew that drops upon wither'd leaves.
But he asks one pledge thy faith to prove,
He asks for his son thy daughter's love;
And he sends this goblet of crysolite
To grace their feast on the bridal night.'
Lord Leoline from his feast rose up,
And fill'd to the brim the shining cup:
He waved it high with gesture bland,
Then gave it to Geraldine's lily hand;
But the crysolite changed as she touch'd its brim,
And the gem on its sapphire edge grew dim—
The lamps are quench'd in their sockets of gold,
The *hour* is past, and the *bell has toll'd!*

Lord Leoline's hall again is bright
With a thousand lamps of golden light;
And roses, by fairy fingers tied,
The banners and shields of knighthood hide;
While over the roof and over the walls
A curtain of painted vapour falls:
Now pillars of jasper seem to grow
From the green bright emerald floor below,
With garlands of rubies bound.
The sky is purple with meteor fires—
A thousand tongues and a thousand lyres,
Through the lone chapelle resound.

Where is the white-hair'd bard who spoke
With voice so meek, in his azure cloak!
The sage of eternal might is there,
A meteor wreath'd in his ebon hair;
And there, in his youthful beauty's pride,
The heir of Sir Roland is by his side.

Where is she, with eyes so fair,
Who sat and smiled by the baron's chair?

There sits a dame of royal mien,
But her lips are pearly, her locks are green;
The eider-down hides her speckled breast,
The fangs of the sea-wolf clasp her vest;
And those orbs, once bluer than western skies,
Are shrunk to the rings of a serpent's eyes.
'Witch of the lake! I know thee now,
  Thrice three hundred years are gone,
    Since beneath my cave,
    In the western wave,
  I doom'd thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow.

'But thou and thy envious fiends in vain
Have risen to mock my power again:
  The spell which in thy bosom worketh
    No holy virgin's lips can stain;
  The spell that in thy false eye lurketh,
    But for an hour can truth enchain.
Not ev'n thy serpent eye could keep
Its ire near guiltless Beauty's sleep;
The Spirit of Evil could not dare
To look on heav'n—for heav'n is there.
  Thy hour is past—thy spells I sever;
  Witch of the lake, descend for ever!'

'V.'

March, 1815.

APPENDIX IV

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

I. Christabel:/Kubla Khan,/A Vision;/The Pains of Sleep./ By/S. T. Coleridge, Esq./London:/Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street,/By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row,/St. James's./1816./ [8°.

Collation.—Half-title, one leaf [*Christabel*, etc. in Gothic characters], pp. i, ii; Title, one leaf, pp. iii, iv; Preface, pp. [v]–vii; Second half-title [Christabel. Part I.], pp. [1, 2]; Text, pp. [3]–48. 'Kubla Khan:/or/A Vision in a Dream.': Half-title, one leaf, pp. [49–50]; 'Of the/Fragment of Kubla Khan.'; pp. [51]–54: Text, pp. [55]–58; 'The Pains of Sleep.': Half-title, pp. [59–60]; Text, pp. 61–64; The imprint, LONDON: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co./Cleveland-row, St. James's./is at the foot of p. 64.

NOTE.—The 'pamphlet' (1816), was issued 'price *4s. 6d. sewed*'. The cover was of brown paper. It measured $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

II. Christabel,/etc./By/S. T. Coleridge, Esq./Second Edition./ LONDON:/Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street,/ By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row,/St. James's./ 1816./ [8°.

Collation is identical with that of First Edition.

NOTE.—The half-title, *Christabel*, in Gothic characters.

III. Christabel,/etc./By/S. T. Coleridge, Esq./Third Edition./ LONDON:/Printed For John Murray, Albemarle-Street,/ By William Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row,/St. James's./ 1816./ [8°.

Collation is identical with that of First Edition. Half-title as in No. II.

IV. The/Poetical Works/of/S. T. Coleridge,/Including the Dramas of/Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya./In

Three Volumes. / Vol. I. / London: / William Pickering. / M DCCC XXVIII. / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. ii, pp. [1]-370; Half-title [Christabel], pp. [39-40]; Preface, pp. [41]-42; Text, pp. [43]-74.

NOTE.—The title-page is ornamented with a wreath of oak and bay leaves intertwined.

V. The / Poetical Works / of / S. T. Coleridge, / Including the Dramas of / Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya. / In Three Volumes. / Vol. I. / London: / William Pickering. / M DCCC XXIX. / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. ii, pp. [1]-394. Half-title, etc., identical with No. IV.

NOTE.—The title-page of this edition is ornamented with the Aldine device, and the motto Aldi / Discip. / Anglvs. /

VI. The Poetical Works of / S. T. Coleridge / Vol. I. / London. / William Pickering / 1834 / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. ii, pp. [v]-vi; [1]-338. Preface and Text of *Christabel*, pp. 28-54.

NOTE.—The title-page of this edition is ornamented with the Aldine device and motto as given in No. V.

VII. The Poems / Of / Samuel Taylor Coleridge. / Edited by / Derwent and Sara Coleridge. / A New Edition. / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / 1852. /

Collation.—Preface and Text of *Christabel*, pp. 118-42.

VIII. The Poetical And Dramatic / Works Of Samuel Tay- / Lor Coleridge / Founded On The Author's Latest Edition Of / 1834 With Many Additional Pieces Now / First Included And With A Collec- / Tion Of Various Readings / Volume The First / London / Basil Montagu Pickering / 196 Piccadilly / 1877 / [8°.

Collation.—Vol. ii, pp. [v]-xii. [1]-381. Preface and Text of *Christabel*, pp. [61]-90.

NOTE.—The title-page of this edition is ornamented with the Aldine device and motto as given in No. V.

IX. The / Poetical Works / Of / Samuel Taylor Coleridge / Edited / With a Biographical Introduction / By / James Dykes Campbell / London / Macmillan and Co. / and New York / 1893 / All rights reserved /

Collation.—pp. [vii]–cxxiv. (1)–667. Text of *Christabel*, pp. 116–24. Note [on *Christabel* by James Dykes Campbell], pp. 601–7.

X. Christabel . / By . / Samuel . / Taylor . / Coleridge . / Illustrated /. By. / C. M. Watts. /. London: Published at . Aldine /. House . 29 . & . 30 . Bedford Street . /. Covent . Garden . W.C. M CM IV . /

Collation.—Half-title, The Illustrated English Poems / Edited by Ernest Rhys / Christabel / pp. [2–4]; Title [pp. 5, 6]; Reverse, Printed by *Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.* / At the Ballantyne Press /; List of illustrations, pp. [7, 8]; Christabel, [Preface by Ernest Rhys], pp. 9–23; Text, pp. 25–[84]; The imprint, Printed by *Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.* / . Edinburgh and London /, is at the foot of page [84].

XI. Christabel, Kubla Khan, / Fancy In Nubibus, And Song / From Zapolya. / By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. /

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